

# THE SUNBEAM

"The Light Shinerh in Darkness; and the Darkness Comprehended it not:" St. John, 1, 5.

C. D. Griswold, Editor.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1859.

Vol. 1. Number 18.

## Original Story.

### A HARMONIOUS FAMILY.

Written for the Sunbeam.

In the year of 1812 there resided near the margin of a beautiful stream, a family of high repute, whose stainless character, and intellectual endowments, placed them far above their neighbors in the immediate vicinity.

The family consisted of two daughters, and a son. The father and mother had long since thrown off their earthly forms, and found a peaceful home on the bright shores of a waveless ocean, in the spirit realm, and left their children surrounded by all the comforts, and many of the luxuries of life. Besides this they had imparted, and infused into their beings high and holy truths.

They left them as a legacy, their exemplary lives enstamped upon the tablets of their hearts, and most sacredly was every wish, precept and example conformed to. Bound to each other by the strong ties of affection, watched over by those who tenderly loved them; these children arrived at manhood, and womanhood, and nothing had occurred to disturb the harmony of their quiet rural home. Highly gifted intellectually, they had access through books to the minds and thoughts of the great of past ages, and grasped almost intuitively every new idea that tended toward the amelioration of humanity.

Thus far their home had been their world; every nook and corner, every shrub and flower, every path that led through grove and bower, were looked upon with feelings of reverence almost amounting to idolatry. Here on the grassy bank, close by the rippling water, a mother's love was remembered; her anxious solicitude, their tiny feet should go to near the water's edge, the words of admonition and caution, called up deep and thrilling memories that would not be parted with for worlds. The woods, the trees and fields and all their surroundings, were endeared to them by some of childhood's joys or sorrows.

The time at last arrived when the trio felt it a duty to separate; sad was Mary's heart, when the brother disclosed to her the fact, that he must leave home for his country's good; that he was one of those who had been chosen to take sword in hand, to defend the soil bequeathed to him and others by a father's industry and patriotism. All was bustle and confusion in their heretofore quiet house. All that sisterly affection could do, was done, and the brother clasped to his bosom the two dear ones he had watched over with more than a brother's protecting care; being the eldest he had taken upon himself the responsibility usually resting upon a father, as far as practicable. With a cheerful "good by," and a fervent "God bless you," he left them.

Dark and gloomy seemed every room in the old mansion the day after Henry's departure. There was no manly voice to ascend that morning at the family altar, but O how earnestly those sisters pleaded in prayer that the all-protecting care of the Infinite might be a shield and armor to him who had left them; with what fervor they besought the Spirits of their departed friends to watch over and guide their only son, and if possible to breathe into his soul cheering hopes of a safe return. Listlessly the duties of the day were performed, and with it closed the week; this was not the only event that had transpired to cast a cloud over the sisters' spirits, but a beloved pastor who had officiated in the little church for years, had been taken away to try the realities of an unseen and hidden world.

When the sun arose the next morning, the morning of that Sabbath they had been taught to welcome as a day of rest, as a time sacred to holy communings, they felt that the light of their life had gone out; that revered one who had been a counsellor and adviser to them, could no more be heard or seen; his voice was hushed in death. Such were their thoughts as they slowly wedded their way to church; they knew that another had been engaged to occupy the place of the lost one, but curiosity could not efface the sad recollection of the departed. They entered the church, took their usual seat and anxiously waited to hear the words of him who was to expound

to them the language of revelation. Slowly he arose and with a solemn earnestness invoked the blessing of the Mosthigh, alluding most touchingly to the aged brother who had so long ministered to the spiritual wants of that congregation, and as his deep toned voice filled the house, every soul responded and it seemed as if a united feeling of love and thankfulness ascended to the Father of Spirits.

A serene and holy calm pervaded the audience, and the sisters felt that if God had deprived them of a faithful teacher, He had abundantly blessed them with another. As he opened the lids of the Bible and selected the words, "I leave you but I will send a comforter," most truly they realized that God spoke through this chosen one, as the glowing words of truth fell from his lips, and his whole being became animated and his soul appeared to burn with the fire of inspiration which burst forth in floods of eloquence such as the pure in heart only can possess. And when the last amen broke the spell that had chained the audience to their seats; the assembly dispersed each forming higher resolves of future usefulness.

The young minister's zeal soon diffused itself through the community, and moved the dormant energies of the members of the church. They had the church remodeled, a sewing circle was started among the ladies for the express purpose of alleviating the wants of the poor, in fact, every reasonable effort was made to make the pastor happy. He performed his pastoral duties with cheerfulness, dignity and perseverance; visited the poor and indigent of the neighborhood, and watched over his little flock with assiduity and care. There were occasional hints thrown out that the pastor was often seen at the Melbourn house, or prolonged visits at this domicile, but they were received with becoming forbearance by those referred to.

Leaving them pursuing the even tenor of their way we will look after the absent brother. Soon after joining the army, there was a skirmish with the enemy, which was enough to impress upon his mind the horrors of war, and to make him realize the debasing and demoralizing effect of human butchery.

One evening as he was walking alone his mind dwelling on the events of the day, he found himself beside a lonely and dilapidated house. As he stopped to survey the premises he heard suppressed moans and listened till he was convinced that some one was in distress, and then gently rapped on the door. It was opened by a young girl who with a sweet but sad voice bade him enter. He apologized, and then said, "as I passed the window, I heard indications of distress or sorrow, and hoping that I might be of some service if such was the case, I ventured to enter." As he said this the girl's pent up feelings again burst forth, and pointing to a couch, if it could be called such on the opposite side of the room, she said, "there lies all the friend I had in the world, my dear dear father; he was wounded while striving to relieve the sufferings of the soldiers, and brought home to die. He would not allow me to go for any one, and here he lies; will no one help me! will no one tell me what to do with his remains?"

As soon as her anguish had subsided, Mr. Melbourn said to her, "give me your confidence afflicted one, and give me also something of your history that I may know what course to pursue." There was that in his countenance that inspired her to trust him, and therefore proceeded to tell him that her father was an Englishman, and that before he came to America, he was moderately wealthy. She had a faint recollection of her mother, and of scenes connected with her death, that she had one brother several years older than herself who led a profligate and dissipated life and was the cause of their poverty, and to whom could be attributed the premature gray hair of the father before them. The father did all that love and wisdom could devise to reclaim him, but it did not avail. He sunk lower and lower in sin and wickedness, calling on his father for pecuniary assistance, and he became responsible until he was perfectly in the power of this son's vile companions.

To release himself from persecution, and to free her from the insults of the one he was

most indebted to who sought her hand in marriage he left his home, and here he had died alone uncared for except by her, without means to defray his funeral expenses. There was a short silence and then Mr. Melbourn said, "I have a home and two sisters who would gladly receive you and do all that kindness and tenderness can to make you cheerful." He then related to her his connection with the army saying, "I am a stranger to you, but will try to satisfy you of the truthfulness of what I say. There is a family near here that were acquainted with my parents, and if you will go to them, I will see that the remains of your dear father are suitably interred." He left but soon returned with the lady of the family referred to who offered the orphan a home until other arrangements could be made.

Ida Clifford thankfully accepted the proffered hospitality of the friends who had been providentially sent to her; at least it seemed to her that providence had cared for her when no human aid was near; but in after years she realized that circumstances, and not an interposition of the Infinite brought friends to her on the sad occasion referred to.

On the third day after the incidents recorded in the preceding narrative, Ida followed to the tomb all that remained of the beloved parent; meekly she bore her heavy affliction, for she was sure that what was her loss, would result in his gain; and as the last sad words were uttered "dust to dust" she felt a strong arm around her, and knew that a manly form stood near to tender that support she so much needed.

One evening soon after the burial of Ida's father, Ernest Trivers, the young pastor was seated in one of the cozy parlors at Melbourn house, conversing with Mary and Ruth, when the post boy was announced bearing a letter from Henry, a most welcome message it was, for they had only received two short epistles from him since he left. Eagerly were the contents of the letter perused and commented upon as disclosed to them. When he told them he should soon be at home and bring the lovely orphan they could hardly restrain their joy. Ruth wished to be excused to answer her brother's letter and Mary was left to entertain their guest.

Long had Mr. Trivers wished, or rather sought an opportunity to disclose to Mary how dear she had become to him; "Miss Melbourn" he said, "I am thankful for this interview, I can but hope the deep love I bear you is reciprocated, although it has never been spoken. There is a sympathy of soul existing between us that cannot be misunderstood." Her answer was such as she thought the noble being who had sought her hand deserved. They needed no recording angel to witness their vows, for the God within their own being pronounced them wedded in heart and soul, and ready to begin life's journey together. He wished to take her to the home of his nativity, but she told him that he could not be spared, and that his people would not consent to have him leave them, but if agreeable to him, she would prefer to spend the remainder of her days on the spot endeared to her by so many fond remembrances of her childhood's home. That this proposition was consented to, subsequent events will show.

The sisters were hourly expecting their brother, and Ida. Every arrangement was made that could be devised to render the one that was so soon to become an inmate of the household happy. A neat room was prepared for her, fresh flowers adorned the mantle, on the center table the books were neatly arranged in one corner stood a guitar, and every thing possible was thought of to add to the cheerfulness of the apartment and give it a home-like appearance, which plainly indicated the refinement of the occupants that made the preparations.

About two weeks after the receipt of Henry's message, as twilight was spreading as a mantle over the earth, and all seemed quiet and serene as need be to hear the whispering of angels, the rumbling of carriage wheels broke the stillness of the scene, and the sisters rushed to the door, and were clasped in their brother's arms. Most cordially did they welcome the fair girl he brought with him, and leading her to the apartment prepared for her,

Mary said, "this is your room, and all that it contains; make use of it all as though it had ever been yours. Ida threw her bonnet and shawl down on the sofa then taking Mary's hand and pressing it to her lips she said, "you are casting your bread upon the waters, do you expect a return?" "Yes," answered Mary, "if you are happy and content, it is all the recompense we wish. Mary returned to the parlor where she found her brother and Mr. Trivers who had entered and been introduced by Ruth during her absence.

Tea was soon announced, and a more joyous and social party seldom met. After discussing the general topics of the day, Mary opened the piano and requested Ida to favor them with music. She consented to play an accompaniment on the guitar, and sang a low plaintive piece, full of beauty and pathos. All felt that within that beautiful casket were deep and soul thrilling memories of the loved and lost. The evening passed pleasantly away and the next morning Mr. Melbourn returned to the army.

Nearly three months after Henry's departure, a gentleman called at the door of Melbourn house and delivered a package of letters from Henry, and with them a letter of introduction for the bearer. The brother said his name was Austin an intimate friend of his, and a brother officer. Mr. Austin accepted the proffered hospitality of the sisters, and remained through the night with them, and left on the following day with the understanding that he should call on his return, and be the bearer of messages to Henry from home.

Nothing of importance transpired connected directly with their family for the next twelve months. When Henry visited home his friend Austin always accompanied him, and the neighbor's had their curiosity somewhat excited, with regard to two neat cottages with their green blinds which were completed in the summer following.

In the autumn of 1815 three couple were seen moving along a path that led from Melbourn house, to a grove near by in which was seen an aged man seated in an arm-chair. Before him stood a table on which was a Bible and three pieces of paper. As the party approached he arose and his flowing robes bespoke his ministerial office; the ladies were habited in travelling dresses. There under the spreading branches of the trees, with Heaven's blue canopy above, Ernest Trivers, and Mary Melbourn were united in marriage. Next in turn Henry Melbourn, with Ida Clifford, then Edgar Austin, and Ruth plighted their vows of eternal fidelity and were married.

After the ceremonies the company started on a tour of pleasure. Saratoga's gaities were participated in, and the sublime and magnificent scenery connected with the Niagara, was fully appreciated. Then they returned, Henry occupied the homestead, the two sisters, the new cottages. Now we leave them enjoying all the happiness of their congenial natures.

## MOSES AND WOMAN.

No one will deny that Moses was a remarkable man. The fact that he has stamped his image so indelibly on the world, shows him to have been a man of extraordinary power. No one will question the excellence of many of his laws, nor the truth of many of his utterances; but when we try him by the clearer light of latter times, his wisdom is imperfect, his authority as a guide fades from the mind, and we know that his inspiration was not plenary, that he does not fairly represent the pure and unchanging God.

The condition and treatment of woman under the Mosiac law was unjust and inhuman, and could not have been divine. That law fails to recognize the individuality and freedom of woman—fails to recognize her rights as a woman, much less as a human being. She was deemed unworthy to be a constituent part of the Jewish Church—not only excluded from the priesthood, but the membership. The very initiatory rites that opened the door were so contrived that she had no place in the Mosiac Church. The law gave the father power to sell his daughters as servants; Ex. xxi; 7—gave power to sell them as wives; Jacob bought two wives—worked seven years

a piece for them. Hosen, the prophet, bought a wife for fifteen pieces of silver and twenty-two and a half bushels of barley—half cash and half grain. Hos. iii; 2. We have a remarkable account of David's buying a wife of Saul, 1 Sam. xviii; 25, 27. The Jewish estimate of woman darkly portrayed in that strange story of the war with the tribes of Benjamin. See Judges xxi; 10, 14. Under the counsel of the Lord, (the Jewish Lord) they had waged a murderous war against the Benjaminites, till they had slain them all except six hundred unmarried men, and in the meantime had bound themselves to each other with an oath, that none of their daughters should marry a Benjaminite. When the work of destruction is well nigh accomplished, they are seized with repentance and sorrow, that tribe in Israel is about to be blotted out. What is to be done? How shall the six hundred be supplied with wives? A happy expedient presents itself. The city of Jabesh Gilead had sent no troops to the bloody war. So the congregation sent twelve thousand men, and with the edge of the sword destroyed every male and married female, and seized four hundred virgins and supplied two-thirds of the Benjaminites. The remainder two hundred they sent to the vineyards of Shiloh at the time of an annual festival, told them to hide themselves, and when the daughters of Shiloh came out to dance, they should "catch every man his wife," and drag her to his home. And thus one tribe of God's chosen people was preserved from extinction. Look now at the condition and estimate of woman under the institutions of Moses, said to be divine. Her person was not sacred, her affections were sacrificed, her rights utterly disregarded; she was not the companion and equal of man, but only the tool of his caprice, the victim of his lusts. What protection had she under the laws of Moses or the public sentiment they created. She was the helpless victim of murder, kidnapping, rape and prostitution. Strange that any woman of the nineteenth century can believe in the divinity of the laws and institutions of the Jews. What an outrage on the purity and freedom of woman, to allow her no choice in her companion for life—no regard to her taste and temper, her aspirations and hopes—but only regard to their whims and covetousness of tyrannical power. Even as a widow, when age and affliction may be supposed to have given her character and strength, and to entitle her to compassion and protection, her choice and freedom, feelings and affections were ruthlessly sacrificed to the despotism of a State policy, worthy only of the darkest ages. When her husband died, she was compelled to submit herself to her husband's brother—no matter whether she wished to be married again or not—no matter whether her affections were elsewhere engaged—no matter what the husband's brother's character might be—no matter how many wives he had, she was doomed by law, said to be the law of God. See Deut. xxv; 5, 10.

What pure-minded, intelligent woman, can believe that our Father in Heaven, the God of purity and love, ever required or sanctioned such abominable injustice and wrong—ever inspired a lawgiver to make such statutes? Such a belief is unworthy of the enlightened reason and the pure conscience—blasphemous towards God, demoralizing to man. If God made woman thus—legislated thus in regard to woman, no wonder she is crushed by power and lust, no wonder at free-love theories and Salt Lake sensualities. It is to rescue the character of God from such foul representations—to rescue man from the horrible influence of such views, that we question the doctrine of plenary inspiration, and urge you to discriminate between the truths and falsehoods of all scriptures. There is nothing so sacred as truth—cherished it as your best heritage, the very apple of your eye, the very life of the soul.—[Spirit Guardian.]

Nothing more completely baffles one who is full of trick and duplicity than straightforward and simple integrity in another. A knave would rather quarrel with a brother knave than with a fool, but he would rather avoid a quarrel with one honest, sensible man than with both.



SATURDAY MORNING, MAR. 12, 1859.

THE SUNBEAM WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY A. P. DUNLAP & CO. Office at No. 3, Niagara-st., second door West of Main-st., North side of the Churches. TERMS—One Dollar a year in advance. Clubs of Eight Subscribers, payable quarterly in advance when such terms are preferable, and one copy given to the getter up of the club during its continuance. Subscribers clubbing as above, must receive their papers to one address.

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## PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

It is very probable that the era of what is known as "physical manifestations" from Spirits is about drawing to a close. We wish to be understood as meaning that class of manifestations which are now almost everywhere received at call as evidences of Spirit existence. The period of such manifestations through Christ and his disciples at the dawn of the Christian era was limited, and it will probably be so now.

Sufficient has already been given to the world to satisfy the material minded seeker after the evidences of the invisible life of its reality, if such ever can, when once collected, sifted and put in form as some future collaborator will do—vastly more than is contained in all the Scriptures.

One reason why this order of evidence will not long continue is drawn from the fact that it is the least satisfactory to the thinking and reasoning mind, and therefore of the smallest use, being adapted only to the material senses or the functions of animal life. It is very rarely that we meet with a Spiritualist who was convinced of the presence of Spirits, from physical phenomena. Many think so perhaps, and say so, but the truth in most cases is, that they were only stimulated to investigate the great principles which lie at the bottom of this matter, and reached satisfactory evidences, only through the development of the spiritual nature, in its higher receptive state.

To the materialist, the tangible things of earth are the only fixed facts in existence, and yet it requires only a limited capacity to see that they are the most changeable and transitory. The earth of to-day is dissolved and enters into the structure of the tree to-morrow; the tree is consumed and its elements mostly pass off into the atmosphere to feed other forms of vegetable and animal life; and thus by the constant change of elements from one tangible form to another, they become ultimately so refined that they are gathered together in the living structure of man—the most refined form of organic life. In the human organism matter attains a higher degree of development still, and from this is formed in the living organism the Spirit form, and from the Spirit, for ought we know, comes the soul, or eternally ending reasoning principle.

From this illustration it will be seen that the material tangible evidences of Spirit existence, such as the world is seeking for, is not only the most crude, but the least reliable, it being obtained through and from the changeable things of this world, and appeals only to the imperfect senses of the material life.—When we reach beyond the range of material evidence, we come to the enduring and unchangeable convictions which find a place nowhere but in the internal consciousness, the offspring of the soul that knows no change.

Another, and perhaps the most important reason why material exhibitions of spirit existence may not long continue may be derived from the fact that they are not in themselves productive of any good. They only at most demonstrate the existence and presence of Spirits, but the more important fact that they can instruct us concerning our immortality,

is only derived from a higher development which partakes of the intellectual rather than the physical, therefore unless we leave the physical manifestations for the higher unfoldment of spirit power, we lose not only that on which the spirit within us can grow, but the most satisfactory and conclusive evidence of spirit existence—that which is attained through the interior receptive faculties.

We know individuals who have for years been seeking positive tests of spirit existence and power to communicate with man in the form, but they have never yet become entirely satisfied; sometimes such investigators seem to be, for a time, and then they fall back again into doubt and uncertainty. They often fix upon a test and say, "give me only this and I will be satisfied," but though it may be given, they remain still unconvinced; and it may be settled as a fixed fact, that until such investigators leave the tests and phenomena, and begin to make Spiritualism what it should be to them, and what it is designed to be to all—the light of a new dispensation, the unfoldment of a new step in the progress of the human race—they will remain in darkness and uncertainty; for the external things of Spiritualism are not, and never can be satisfying to the mind, which requires something more, the internal consciousness that surpasses all tests, and which comes only through development.

To see and understand spiritual things we must become spiritual minded, and it is a blessed fact it is so, for were it not we should believe and be satisfied without ever reaching that upon which the Spirit feeds and grows in preparation for the future world.

No man believes in Spiritualism fully until he adopts its teachings, and makes them the rule of his life's conduct. Until he does this, all the phenomena and demonstrations that ever came from the spirit spheres can do him no good; to such as do not, it is but an "empty sound signifying nothing," however much they may talk, or profess, or demonstrate, and hence it is that Spiritualism thus far has done the world of mankind so little good.

## SOMETHING COMING.

We understand that there is soon to be revealed to the world another grand explosion of a Spiritual hubbub.

An oyster dealer in Boston who finding that the gaping bi-valves exposed at his door were not sufficiently attractive to draw custom equal to his ambition, conceived the plan of getting up an entertainment of "Spiritual manifestations." After taking time to complete his arrangements it was announced that "the spirits" would make his customers hats dance when off their heads, and on the floor, or on a table, the only aid or assistance required by "the Spirits" consisted in the accompaniment of a tune on the fiddle to make them feel jolly. Of course the performance drew immensely, every one anxious to see his own particular hat perform the jig without his head in it.

The oysterman was soon overwhelmed with guests who growing hungry on excited curiosity, of course must needs take a "stew" before departing, and hence he was reaping his reward. But to the "phenomena" did the hats dance? most certainly they did, and without respect to owners or conditions of society. The wonder grew bigger and bigger every day, and spread wider and wider from tongue to tongue until it reached New York. From this goodly city, a self constituted committee proceeded at once to the modern Athens to investigate the mystery. Arriving at the place—once only a humble shop where oysters were served fried or stewed, but now suddenly famous—the committee uncovered its profound head and placing its hat; seemingly wise from contact with wisdom, on the floor, and demanded that the Spirits, if Spirits there be, make it dance. No sooner said than done; the first draw of the fiddle bow met with a response in the gyration, or agitation of the hat.

The committee was confounded and likewise no doubt the intellectual hat, and together they returned home to agitate the mystery. Whether the oysterman was rewarded in this instance in the sale of a stew our informant saith not, or whether "bottled imps" or spirits were sought for to relieve the weariness of the rigid investigation we are unable to definitely state.

At last the "intelligence" reached that terror of humbugs John F. Coles, the man who possesses the wonderful faculty of discerning where Spirits are not. Straightway John proceeded by the first "express" in such haste to reach the "seat of wonder" that he forgot his pocket boot jack. Arriving in the city of Notions, John repaired at once to the saloon, and refreshed himself in the most deliberate manner on a "stew," and a cool glass of water before proceeding to the attack.

Introducing in the most causal way the subject of "Spirits," he succeeded in throwing the cunning oysterman off his guard, and was readily entertained with an exhibition of the "dancing hats." All unconscious of the eagle eye of the great investigator and mystery unfold, "the thing" was not perhaps managed

with the usual adroitness, and thus it was left for the great revelator, John the 2d, to discover the wiles and needles, and the man behind the partition, and reveal the same to the world, which we understand will be done through the "Banner of Light" on the first of April next.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

The "Banner of Light" come to this office last week, enclosing the following notice with a request that we publish it, offering to exchange with us on our so doing. We cheerfully comply:—

"RELIGIOUS STARS OF AMERICA.—The Banner of Light—a weekly paper published in Boston, furnishes its readers every week with verbatim reports of Henry Ward Beecher's and E. H. Chapin's sermons. Terms, \$2 per year, and in the same proportion for a shorter time. Sample copies sent free, with club terms."

We admire the business tact and energy exhibited in the management of the "Banner of Light," and as a general thing its leading articles and correspondence, but we must dissent from its system of exclusiveness in withholding so generally all information through its columns of other spiritual papers, and its apparent effort to crush them out of existence by offering extensively through circulars and agents to supply subscribers for a time, at half the price of their published rates.

This policy is not necessary in order to get circulation, for we understand that it sells now at the rate of 14,000 copies weekly.

Such a course is not consistent or liberal towards cotemporaries, nor is it based upon a comprehensive view of the growing interests and demands of Spiritualism.

The "Banner of Light" is by no means a leading paper in its progressive spirit; but rather it seeks to fall in the wake of popular sentiment, instead of leading it on in the great cause of human redemption. Part orthodox, part heterodox and part spiritual, it seeks a wide range in the thinking world, while with stories, and a whole page of spirit communications got up somewhat on the system of "machine poetry," it takes in, in more senses than one, nearly every class of the human family that reads. We commend it to our readers in the light in which we view it, assuring them that we buy it every week, and look it over with interest, and know no reason why they may not with even greater partiality, as not many of them are publishing a paper that its business policy is attempting to destroy.

## Spirit Communications.

### THE LOWER AND THE HIGHER.

[GIVEN THROUGH MRS. S. C. WATERS, MEDIUM.]

A clearer sky or serenest day could not smile upon the earth, yet, Oh! how dim, compared to celestial skies, is eternal day.

When Love swells the human breast it is a tone of melodious sweetness, yet—Oh! how insignificant, if you fail to recognize the whole chord of love supported on the base of law.

This law, is the outpouring of love from the Divine Fountain. God's love, is the tonic love of the universe—the key note of the chord, supporting and modulating the whole. Even in love, discords claim a dominant position, yet is the cadence incomplete without their presence. God's love is the ruling love; seraph's and angel's loves are but accompaniments to this grand theme; Spirits swell the chorus, and down on earth a choir of voices yet untutored, catch the Heavenly strains, and reproduce them with vibrations such as ears unpracticed may deem complete, still they are but fragmentary echoes of the cadences of love—the stifled vibrations of the harmonic strains of that God-like, Deific Love, which animates the universe with its swelling symphonies.

Stern and uncompromising is the statue of Deity that man has chiseled, cloudy and threatening is the brow of that Judge; a sword is thrown into the balance of the scales of justice, and vengeance is emblazoned on the beam, while the cry of "mercy" is unceasingly uttered on bended knee before this giant deformity of the imagination. Is this love to God? Is it giving Him the honor due our Heavenly Father, thus to clothe him with attributes befitting only to humanity? As behind the stained glass window—that devoutly testifies the sun is red, green, or yellow—we are in the illusive embrace of an error that discolours truth; so the discoloured attributes imputed to Deity, are but the beclouding garments that exist in men's minds.

That we shall see the sun clearly, and as it is, if we pass beyond the window, is not more sure than that we shall see God as a being of Infinite Love and supreme Wisdom, when we advance nearer to him, and leave behind us the illusions of the past. Man worships but the shadow of Deity—a dark, deformed, and undefined shadow; above, in the sun-light of truth where his eye has not dared to gaze, is the God of the universe, clad in the serenity of love and the majesty of wisdom—a glory inconceivable yet never fearful.

Earth is a stepping-stone to the spheres,—first the earthly, then the spiritual. On earth—the threshold to the "vast unknown"—is enacted tragedy, and comedy, as well as earnest, noiseless life, straining to press forward where it may catch the strains that reverberate within the closed temple beyond. Death stands usher to this temple in a portal unilluminated. The wrangling host and giddy throng outside, would fain escape that portal, because the door is not thrown open wide revealing all within; but the calm listening ear hath heard the glad anthem pealing there, and enters joyously, as a wanderer home returned at last.

What is earth-life? It is a feeble existence clothed in the cumbersome armour of materiality, so painfully chafing the Spirit and confining its energies; it is a silent watch in the dreary night, dreaming of the day to dawn on us in a strange land; it is the calyx of the flower of existence—outer drapery, that must pass away ere the bursting bud of life can disclose its sweetness; earth-life is but the sombre soil beneath whose surface spirit existence germinates, where—like the odor of the flower; the essence of immortality is evolved and liberated; but—Oh! the higher! the spirit-life—the substance, of which earth-life is the shadow! Speak! soul of man! canst thou comprehend this liberty—this glorious destiny?—above the clouds of earth, freed from the chains of matter, stript of error's delusions, and ushered into the presence of Love and Wisdom through the spiral years of eternal progression. Even the seraph's soul is but an imperfect mirror of that destiny. On! eternally above his head unfold the circling centenal ages, richer, and richer in experiences of love and wisdom—boundless and eternal sublimation of spirit, too vast to be carried to earth-sphere but in fragmentary echoes and scattering rays. O, man! unloose thy hold of the lower, and stretch forth to grasp the higher: there is ever a higher plane, a higher life, a higher happiness, a higher love, a higher wisdom, of which thou canst almost partake.

Strive! each effort brings thee nearer,—pass it! a still higher beckons thee,—and thus 'tis evermore: thy flight far up toward the dome of interminable years, is but a moiety of thy glorious destiny.

## SPIRIT MESSAGE.

Buffalo Feb. 27, '59.

EDITOR OF THE SUNBEAM:—The following communication being full of sound good teaching I hope you will make room for it this week, it is the teachings of a Spirit to his son-in-law in the form, who is rich in this worlds good. The communication was written at five different sittings through the raps. J. SWAIN.

[MRS. J. SWAIN, MEDIUM.]

MY DEAR BOY—I am glad to meet with you and have an opportunity to communicate with you. Thomas you must begin to lead a new life do not take the name of God in vain, for God is good to all the works of his hands; O, my boy thy Heavenly Father has been very good to thee, He has made thee lord over much of this world's goods; be thankful to the giver of all good. Again my dear boy, I would say, be thankful, to thy Heavenly Father for all that thou possess, for it is lent to thee not for thy own selfish pleasures, but you have been made steward over much, and for much you will have to give an account.

Let the teachings of the meek and lowly Jesus be the chart to guide your feet in the right way, all his teachings were love, love to God, and love to man. I would have you plant the law of love in your heart, so that it may grow and bring forth much fruit. Thomas, become trusting as a little child in thy father God, and his love will fill thy inmost heart, my boy I will tell you of my spirit-home, but not to night. O, Thomas I am happy, happy, happy!—it is all love here good night, my dear boy. Yes my dear boy, it is all love in our beautiful spirit home; I did not find such a Heaven as I had imagined, while I was on earth, it is far more beautiful than man can conceive. I had thought that the Spirit went immediately into the presence of God, but it is not so, we have to progress upward continually,—begin a life of progression here Thomas for that is wisdom.

You must build your own spirit-home while you are in the form; if you don't build your own house, you will have to go a long time homeless. Remember every good act will help build your spirit house; every act of love and self-sacrifice is taken by bright loving Spirit friends and formed into a house. O my dear boy is not that a beautiful thought, that every good act is borne away to the spirit-land by bright winged Spirits.

My dear Thomas you must look to the great central Spirit, from whom all light emanates, for light; you must study the volume of nature, let the physical nature be ever so debased, yet will it rise for its affinity is upward, and it must advance. Thomas, my dear boy, you must hold fast the teachings you have received. Good night.

G. D.

## ADULLUM.

A TRANCE SCENE—BY JOHN PAGE.

Being magnetized, a man of dignified appearance, stood before me. After looking at him for some time, he still preserving silence. I enquired what he would have? He pointed east with his index finger, saying at the same time, "look eastward, and remember what, and whom you see, for you must write a true record of the facts now to be made known. Soon there appeared clear to my view, a landscape, stretching far away; on nearing which, new features were constantly being developed, such as small knowles and large hills, and swelling lands, with springs bursting from their base, and sides, and forming themselves into streams that go murmuring through the meadows, with music and grandure so enchanting, as to compel a world to wonder and admire. Trees of rare beauty and rich odor were seen in clusters, or copses, in all directions; beneath the shade of which were reclining flocks and herds, who had sought these grateful shades, during the heat of the day.

A vast multitude of people, male and female, were now thronging every part of the country, well clothed and fed, intelligent and contented. Much of the land was in a high state of cultivation, producing fruits, vegetables, and grain in abundance.

Now came a man towards me, from among the many, of odd appearance. His feet and legs were bare to the knee; he wore something like short drawers, and about his body a tight shirt, without sleeves and open at the breast. He was bare-headed, muscular built, and of beautiful symetry with a stern countenance, dark complexion, long beard and hair, and winning in his address. One would feel at home in his presence, and his movements indicated a man of great power, and his age seemed not yet passed thirty.

He now motioned to me to look again over the scene before, partially described, and in doing so, I discovered escarpments of reddish brown stone in the eastern side of a hill, in which was a cave; but I could make nothing of it, so I turned away, my friend saying, I will tell you by and by, what that means—alluding as I supposed to the cave.

He now led the way until we stood upon an elevation of land, seeming to command a view a great way in each direction, and fixing his eye on one barren spot saying "the power that holds in obedience the people at whom you have been looking, will soon fall to rise no more." He paused, still pointing with his finger to the first location, which I now saw was Egypt. Turning in another direction, I saw an Island, and with his keen eye fixed upon it, said, "the crescent and the cross will have a tilt some day on, and for that spot, and both will get nicely whipped; for instead of their motives being mighty to conquer, they will become symbols of defeat in their own hands, for such ends. Now, said he, turn back to the land of your first view. Being seated, my guide said to me, I was present at your birth; and by the impartation of the spirit of prophecy, that curious prediction was made concerning you. Now for this very cause, I have raised you up, and chosen you out of many brethren, to bear testimony with many others, that the ancient prophets and seers can come to you and make themselves known, and you can see, hear, and feel them as certainly as if they were in the form? What else but a joyous occasion could this be to me, to have a friend enter into my joys, and go with me to the scenes of my youth? I would ask the most skeptical of the men of your time, if they would not like to take a trip with me, as this friend has?"

"Well they would not believe that you have seen me?" "They probably will not," but, speak this truth in unwilling ears, and then wait patiently. There is a greater event before you than the subversion of a kingdom.

A third person now joined us in full armor, as if prepared for war, my guide spoke his name, but I did not understand it at the time. He was a young man of fine appearance, and I understood he had been a great captain in his time, and had fallen in battle with this same armor on. On enquiry I learned it was where, or nearly where we then stood. My guide pointed to the ground, and said something to him of which the closing sentences were nearly as follows: "Their love surpasseth the love of women. In death they were not separated." My guide put up his hand, and took me by my beard, with a gentle hold, saying "look at the cave," (the one before seen) I looked and he said, "Adullum—once my home." I then asked who are you? He replied—"David, the son of Jesse; the other is Jonathan, Saul's armor bearer, who fell on this spot." On looking round for a stone to mark the spot, I found instead, myself sitting in my own room, the clock striking eleven P. M.

Elba, N. Y., Dec. 25th, 1858.

Of all other views, a man may, in time grow tired; but in the countenance of woman, there is a variety which sets weariness at defiance.



## Correspondence.

### CHRISTIANITY HAS CIVILIZED THE WORLD.

Written for The Sunbeam.

"Yes no doubt in my mind" says the Christian, "but that Christianity has civilized the world," and glorying in his position he is content to think "that it has," and because his neighbor is an intelligent christian and "he says it has, and there is Rev. Mr. Frink, he has also asserted this fact, and only last Sabbath preached the same thing, and proved beyond all controversy that 'were it not for Christianity the world would soon return to a state of barbarism and heathenism, and superstition roused from its long slumber, would again take possession, where now truth and virtue have their abode.'" What a glorious sermon! How sublime! How truthful! But where did Mr. Frink D. D. get his arguments? Mr. Frink no doubt thought that he was in the right and merely thinking and satisfied with the thought he said what he did. But where is his arguments? Has he perused the history of Rome and Greece? Or does he take it as a truth that because Christianity has stood through many centuries that that is sufficient evidence of its beneficial influence?—Did Mr. Frink ever peruse the history of Greece covering a space of time, five centuries before the birth of Christ? Was the world civilized then to such an extent that we can go back and learn wisdom from Grecian Philosophers, Statesmen and Poets? "But" says Mr. Frink, "shortly after the birth of Christ and before his teachings became generally known, there were ages of darkness, and Christianity lighted up the world and rolled onward the vehicle of civilization that had so long remained without that motive power necessary for its advancement. 'Ah, Mr. Frink, perhaps you take it as an axiom that because there was a dark age that Christianity was the cause of the banishing of that darkness?—But my dear sir, have you forgotten that the splendor of Grecian Glory began to grow less magnificent, in that same age that they (the Grecians) began to believe in the teachings of Moses? Have you forgotten that Rome's greatness began to decline in that age, that they (the Roman's) began to dispute the march of Platonism, and adhere to the teachings of the prophets and apostles? Do not take it for granted that I think Christianity was the cause of the fall of the Roman Empire, or of the liberties of Greece, not by any means.—But you speak of a 'dark age' and conclude from thence that because at that time Christianity began to find advocates that it civilized the world. And, speak of the fall of Rome in this 'dark age,' and of Greece, and as Christianity was introduced at a time when they commenced to decline; hence I refer with just as much ground for the establishment of a logical conclusion, that Christianity or the philosophy of Moses was the cause."

But there are numerous Mr. Frinks, with D. D.'s attached who talk the same and have for many centuries, and there are more good, faithful Christians who hear such assertions, and hearing believe. But to those who thus easily believe and adopt the opinions and assertions of others I would say: "Reflect well upon a principle before you take it for granted that it is a truth. And of those that are vain-glorious in their assertions of the absoluteness and goodness of the influence that Christianity has had in the civilized world, I would ask, does the Bible teach us that we are conscious beings? Where was consciousness before that book was composed? Does it tell us to revere God? What was the Religion of Socrates? Does it tell us to love our neighbors as ourselves? Were not social privileges extended to all? Was there no harmony in the intercourse of men before it was given to the world? Does it teach us to 'do unto others as we would that they should do to us?' Was there no peace and unanimity of thought and action, or respect one man for the privileges of another, or one nation for another before the teachings of Christ?—The history of the past can be referred to, and on every page will be found evidences that man exercised the same consciousness, could discern rules or equity with the same clearness, and had as perfect a conception of Deity and his attributes, and the responsibility and duty of life as the ancient or modern Christian. And when we have these evidences before us can we conscientiously say that 'Christianity has civilized the world?' We find rather a dark age from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, and to what do we look for the cause? The age of chivalry as it is called was a dark age, one that the world will long remember. And while the memory of the past comes up for our contemplation, and we behold the nations of the civilized world rocking to and fro like the strong oak in the autumn blast, we are apt to strive to divine the cause. And what was the cause? Was it not the influence that the Christian Church had among men? We can look upon the march of Alexander and behold his inhuman slaughters of the nations and tribes of antiquity, only with emotions of terror. We can see the

great Napoleon leading the remnant of a once splendid army from the frozen wilds and plains of Russia, and marking his course behold piles of human forms "stiff in the embrace of death" for hundreds of miles, and our blood grows chill at the horrid spectacle presented; and we call down upon their heads the curses of the "ever living God." But we can see Peter the hermit leading his 80,000 troops on his glorious mission, and see their bones wasting on the desert plains of Syria and rejoice at contemplating their heroism, and their enthusiasm in the cause of Christianity. What was Jerusalem to them or they to Jerusalem?—We can behold Hugh, brother of Philip 1st, king of France leading 200,000 men fired with the same zeal and fanaticism on to the same glorious and, perhaps, civilizing end, and feel that it was for a noble purpose. We can behold the armies of Lewis, Conrad, Philip, Augustus, Richard, and Fredrick Barbarossa, mouldering into insignificance beneath the scorching rays of the sun and parching blasts and driving sands of Asiatic plains, and "rejoice in the power of the Lord," and be enthusiastic in the cause of Christ. We can admire the ambition of Baldwin, and condemn that of Caesar. We can revere the name of Pope Urban II, and use those of Pelagius and Celestius only to mingle with them irreverence and disrespect. I have said we could, I have meant those who are followers of Mr. Frink's opinion. But to the point, men think, perhaps, that the revival of civilization commenced soon after Christ. They seem to carry the idea that from the time the New Testament began to be circulated from that period the world began to wear the aspect of civilization. But if we are to believe the historian we must admit that for fourteen hundred years after Christ the world wore an aspect more gloomy than for five hundred years before. It was not until the year 1453 that the era of civilization commenced in earnest; and it is a fact that since that era religious intolerance has been less severe. Men began to peruse the Aristotelean and Platonic systems of philosophy, and began to be more liberal in their views. They began to cultivate the sciences that had been neglected so long, while the dark mantle of Religious superstition was thrown over the civilization of former eras. But not until Infidel France began to encroach upon the power which the church had seen fit to enjoy, did the world commence to make lofty strides in the direction of improvement. There was Montesquieu, Bayle, Locke, Voltaire Diderot, and numerous others who taught the importance of right reason in matters of theology, as well as politics and wise legislation. Since their time philosophy has come forth from the mists of the dark ages, and reason has unfolded to the contemplation of men its importance. It has given men new conceptions in philosophy, a purer theology, and a dignity that he never before possessed. The science of the mind or "mental philosophy" psychology, mesmerism and the philosophy connected therewith, though for a long time subject to the jeers and ridicule of the religious world, has at length come forth robed in purity and truth. It is a fact that the Christian dislikes to contemplate that all new theories have at first been condemned by the Church, and its opposition has never ceased while there was a hope that it could annihilate it or prevent its becoming generally adopted.

Who were the persecutors of the copernican system or that of Galileo? Who cried against the theory of Harvey? Who persecuted Gall and Spurzheim? Who has ever been against the spread of the material philosophy which was the cause of that liberality of thought and research which unfolded the germs of the philosophy of the nineteenth century? Who was it but the Christian Church. Ah Mr. Frink reflect! Would you live and enjoy a civilized age, turn from the superstitions that confine your mind in so narrow a channel and commune with truth; live in the sunlight of the present, and prepare yourself for a higher sense of happiness in the future. And above all refrain from instructing your fellow in things absurd, and let the Christian search for himself whether a principle or proposition be truthful or inconsistent, and in all probability the Christian who listened with so much faith (in its literal sense) to your sermon, would see its fallacy, and you, Mr. Frink, would be ashamed that you had occupied so wilfully such a position, and taught so unwisely.—What think you?

C. B. S.

Men are as much stimulated to mental effort by the sympathy of the gentler sex as by the desire of power and fame. Women are more disposed to appreciate worth and intellectual superiority, than men; or, at least they are as often captivated by the noble manifestations of genius as by the fascination of manners and the charms of person.

To WRITING MEDIUMS.—A good writing medium, through whom individual Spirits communicate, may learn of a situation for the daily exercise of their gift by application at the office of "THE SUNBEAM" where full particulars may be obtained.

## Home Matters.

### ARRANGMENTS FOR SPEAKERS AT ST. JAMES HALL.

Mrs. F. O. HYZER, will speak tomorrow morning and evening as usual.

Mr. Wm. DENTON will fill the desk for March 20th, 27th, April 3d, 10th, and 17th.

HANNAH F. M. BROWN is engaged to speak April 24th.

Mrs. F. O. HYZER will speak again on May 1st.

LECTURE ON WEDNESDAY EVENING.—Dr. Lyon of Boston will speak on Spiritualism on Wednesday evening next, the 10th inst. at Lower St. James Hall.

SUBJECT.—Origin and final destiny of Man. Admittance 10 cts.

Dr. Lyon speaks in Auburn on Sunday the 20th inst.

CORRESPONDENT.—The postage on THE SUNBEAM for a quarter, paid in advance is 6 cts. out of the State, and 3 cts. within the State.

We witnessed some astounding demonstrations at Mr. Davenport's on Wednesday evening last, of which we shall give an account next week.

IN A HURRY.—We received a telegraph dispatch the other day from Henry III. Expecting some matter of importance we hastily opened the envelope to read a request for a sample copy of THE SUNBEAM.

That class of "believers" who become interested in Spiritualism because it offers them protection against the punishment of their many eniquities, in demonstrating that there can be neither a hell or a devil; may be considered as offering most undoubted evidence of the necessity of the law of progression.

Mr. H. P. FAIRFIELD writes us that he desires to make engagements at Batavia and other places in the vicinity. Mr. Fairfield makes liberal terms, and has few if any superiors in the field as a practical worker in the good cause of Spiritualism. Address H. P. Fairfield Buffalo.

Dr. Lyon spoke a few minutes at St. James Hall last Sunday evening at the close of Mrs. Hyzer's Discourse, and although after the usual hour for dismissing the meeting, he held the audience in almost breathless silence for near half an hour. The "appointment" for Wednesday evening is at the earnest solicitation of a number of Spiritualists who heard him on that occasion. If his other appointments will admit he will continue to speak on successive evenings.

PORTENTOUS.—While sitting in a private circle a few evenings since, one of the mediums present, became influenced to see Spirits and proceeded to describe an army with banners, on which were the words "Right will Conquer." The scene then changed and another army of Spirits approached headed by a tall dark complexioned individual with dark hair, dark eyes and a low forehead who said "Buffalo is our field, and we will never give it up." Between these two forces there was apparently a struggle going on, and the first described party moved on gradually and when interrogated answered only, "Right will Conquer."

## Mediums in the Field.

Mrs. Alvira P. Thompson, trance-speaker on Bible subjects. Address West Brookfield, Vt.

Miss E. E. Gibson, impressionable speaking medium, may be addressed at Augusta, Me.

G. M. Jackson, Trance speaker, Prattburg, Steuben Co., N. Y., will receive calls to lecture.

Mr. and Mrs. Spence will respond to invitations to lecture; addressed to Jamestown, N. Y.

Miss A. W. Sprague's engagements are: Providence, R. I., March 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th.

Dr. E. B. Wheelock of Rome Wisconsin, will receive invitations to lecture on Spiritualism. Address Rome, Wis.

G. B. Stebbins will speak in Ann Arbor, Mich., each Sunday, for three months from Feb. 6th, and will answer calls to lecture in the State each week.

H. F. Miller will answer calls for lectures to be given by Mrs. Miller, trance speaker, in New York, Pennsylvania and the Western States. Address, Dunkirk, N. Y.

A. B. Whiting will attend calls to lecture in the West and Southwest, during the coming three months. He may be addressed at his home, Brooklyn, Michigan.

Mr. F. L. Wadsworth speaks at Syracuse, Feb. 27th; Oswego, March 6th and 13th; Utica, March 20th and 27th. Address subsequently for some months, office of the Spiritual Age, Boston.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture in

Oswego, N. Y., on Sundays, March 26th and 27th. She will also receive calls to lecture on week evenings in the vicinity of the places where she lectures Sunday. Address care of H. E. Barber, Binghamton, N. Y.

Mr. Ira Davenport and Daughter have returned from Canada, and will hold public circles Tuesday and Friday evenings, at his residence, 322 South Division street. Other evenings in the week devoted to private engagements.

Strangers visiting the city and wishing to witness manifestations, are invited to call any evening in the week.

Warren Chase lectures in Newark, Ohio, March 3d, 4th, 5th and 7th; in Dayton, Ohio, March 13th; Richmond, Ga., March 17th; in St. Louis, Mo., March 20th and 27th. Address as above, at the several dates. The friends wishing him to lecture in Western Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, must write early, as he is usually engaged several months in advance.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in March, at Philadelphia; in April, at New York. For the week day evenings of these months she will receive applications to lecture. In May, Providence, R. I.; Worcester, Mass.; Nashua, N. H.; and other places week-day evenings where her services may be needed. In June, at Portland, Me., Oswego, N. Y. Next fall and winter Miss Hardinge designs to labor exclusively in the West and South as far as New Orleans, and requests applications for these districts to be addressed, during the spring and summer, at her residence, 194 Grand street, New York.

N. Frank White will lecture in Geneva, Ohio, Wednesday, March 2d; Cleveland, Sunday, March 6th; Chagrin Falls, Monday and Tuesday, March 7th and 8th; Newburgh, Wednesday and Thursday, March 9th and 10th; Clyde, Friday, March 11th; Toledo, Sunday, March 13th; Burr Oak, Michigan, Tuesday, March 15th; Sturgess, Wednesday, March 16th; Elkhart, Ind., Thursday and Friday, March 17th and 18th. All letters from north, west, or south of Chicago, addressed to him at Chicago, care of Higgins Brothers, before the 20th of March, will be considered.

### PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

SOMETHING FOR SPIRITUALISTS TO WORK FOR.

To encourage the spread of Spiritual Works and increase the circulation of THE SUNBEAM as fast as possible, we are induced to offer the following Premiums in Spiritual Books for Clubs of Subscribers to THE SUNBEAM:

Any person making up a Club of 12 Subscribers, remitting us \$3, in payment for the first three months, as specified in our Prospectus, will receive from us any Spiritual Book published in our list in the SUNBEAM valued at \$1.00.

For a Club of 24 Subscribers, enclosing \$6, he will be entitled to any \$2 Book.

For a Club of 48 Subscribers, enclosing \$12, he will be entitled to \$4 worth of Books.

For a Club of 100 Subscribers, enclosing \$25, we will send Books to the value of \$10, as given in the list of Publications in THE SUNBEAM.

Where the subscription is only 25 cents for each subscriber to commence with, it is no difficult task to get a large Club in almost every Town. Many take THE SUNBEAM not for its Spiritualism, but because it is liberal and progressive in all things.

Each Club must be mailed to a single address.

The party getting up the Club should keep a list of the subscribers from which the papers may be distributed at the P. O., as we cannot write the name on each one. The names, however, should be furnished to us.

Address CHAUNCEY D. GRISWOLD, Editor and Publisher of THE SUNBEAM, No. 3, Niagara st., Buffalo, N. Y.

### DR. GRISWOLD'S

### NEW REMEDIES,

For Sale at the Office of the Sunbeam, No. 3 Niagara Street, Buffalo.

NEW REMEDY FOR FEVER AND AGUE and all fevers arising from malarial. Dr. Griswold's experience in treating this disease while Surgeon to the Hospital of the Panama Railroad Company, enabled him to prepare a Remedy adapted to all forms of this disease. Persons whose constitutions have been impaired by exposure to any form of fever, can be perfectly restored by its use. It is the most speedy, certain and permanent cure known; and adapted to all climates. It is composed of a box of pills, and a bottle of tonic. Price two dollars.

TRIPLIX PILLS.—These are a valuable cathartic and made of the purest materials, one of the ingredients being pure virgin scammony, which has a specific action on the liver, without any of the injurious consequences of mercurial preparations. They fulfil all the indications of such a remedy, and are safe and reliable. Price 25 cents per box.

FLUID EXTRACT OF SENNA.—The most reliable and agreeable cathartic in use. As a substitute for "bilious pills" and other nauseous doses, no one will doubt its value who tries it. Price 50 cents.

ALKALINE TONIC.—Especially adapted to dyspepsia, and those suffering from acidity of the stomach and indigestion. Price 50 cents.

INVIGORATING TONIC.—To increase the appetite and give strength and tone to the system. A good tonic in all cases of debility. Price 50 cents.

CONCENTRATED TINCTURE OF ARNICA.—For sprains and bruises; a valuable preparation that should always be at hand in case of accidents, for immediate use. Price 50 cents.

DIARRHOE REMEDY.—This preparation I have used in my practice for eight years and with invariable success. Price 50 cents.

COUGH MIXTURE.—Suited to almost every variety of bronchial irritation, and will relieve in all cases where it will not cure. Price 50 cents.

NERVOUS SEDATIVE.—This I esteem a very valuable Remedy for a great variety of nervous cases where a nerve is required. Price 50 cents.

HOOPING COUGH SYRUP.—A very pleasant and effectual Remedy, calculated to control the cough and bring the disease to a safe termination. Price 50 cents.

Each bottle is accompanied with full directions.

To be obtained at WHOLESALE OF LAZELL MARSH & HUNN, No. 10 Gold street, N. Y.

SPIRITUAL TRACTS BY JUDGE EDMONDS.—We have received from Judge Edmonds copies of his series of eight Tracts upon the following subjects:—

- No. 1. An Appeal to the public on Spiritualism.
- No. 2. Reply to Bishop Hopkins on Spiritualism.
- No. 3. The News Boy.
- No. 4. Uncertainty of Spiritual Intercoarse.
- No. 5. Certainty of Spiritual Intercoarse.
- No. 6. Speaking in many Tongues.
- No. 7. Intercoarse with Spirits of the Living.
- No. 8. False Prophecy.

For sale at THE SUNBEAM office. The series sent by mail, postage paid, for 30 cts.

### NEW BOOKS

RECEIVED AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Twelve Messages from the Spirit of John Quincy Adams. Price \$1.50.

The Pentaria. By A. J. Davis, Price \$1.00.

The Great Harmonia By A. J. Davis, 4 Vol. Price each \$1.00.

The Magic Staff. By A. J. Davis. Price \$1.25.

The Boquet of Spiritual Flowers. Price \$1.00.

Natty a Spirit. Price 50 cts.

The Philosophy of Evil, By A. J. Davis. Price 50 cts.

The Harmonial Man, By A. J. Davis. Price 50 cts.

Discourses By Cora L. V. Hatch With Portrait. Price 1.00.

### McOMBER'S HAIR RESTORATIVE AND INVIGORATOR.

Those in want of a Hair Restorative or dressing for the toilet, should buy none but McOmber's, as this cannot in any possible contingency injure the hair or scalp. On the contrary it is warranted to grow new hair on bald heads, and stop its falling out—to eradicate dandruff and all diseases of the scalp. It will also prevent the hair from prematurely turning gray and impart a natural vigor and beauty to it that no other preparation can do. For general toilet use, it has no equal, and being entirely free from all minerals in its composition, may be safely used without stint, at all times.

Dr. W. H. Mueser of the Cincinnati Academy of Medicine in a recent communication, shows that 'lead used externally is sometimes absorbed into the system—that a man who had used Twigg's and other hair dyes, (the basis of which he said was sugar of lead and nitrate of silver) for several years, had thereby got the 'blue line' on the gums and the 'blue face,' which results from lead and nitrate of silver.

McOmber's Restorative has none of this objectionable matter in its composition—every article being vegetable, and perfectly harmless when applied externally or internally. It is the best hair preparation in this or any other market.

When evidence of this kind is within the reach of every one, why will any doubt? Get a circular and read the certificates of well known citizens, then buy a bottle for fifty cents, or a dollar bottle. It never has failed.

Each bottle has the following words impressed on its sides:—McOmber's Hair Restorative and Invigorator, Buffalo, N. Y.

Sold wholesale and retail by

W. V. MAYNARD,

204 Washington street, Buffalo, N. Y.

To whom letters may be addressed and orders sent.

For sale at this office.

### PROSPECTUS OF THE SIBYL.

Early in January, 1859, the subscribers will commence the publication of a first class family paper, with the above title. The SIBYL will be devoted to human progression, to the protection and development of all that is beautiful and true in sentiment—to the exposure of all that is false and erroneous; its rich and attractive miscellany giving it a distinctive character that can hardly fail to adapt itself to the highest wants of humanity.

The philosophy of Spiritualism will be advocated and explained by the ablest minds of the age, in its columns.

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## Poetry.

### ALONE.

(Improvising.)

Nay, there is music in the air,  
That gently fans my burning brow;  
I catch its breathings everywhere,  
In low and pensive cadence now.  
Amid the woodland I can hear  
The tripping of some fairy feet  
Upon the leaflets there,  
That speak of summer's sly retreat;  
While overhead, in glowing lines,  
Are pictures of a varied hue,  
And summer's glowing beauty pines  
The meadow and the forest there!  
Yet nature hath a thousand tongues  
To break the silence of the hour;  
That sometimes o'er the weary heart  
Seems throwing an enchanting power,  
And captivates the social life  
That stirs within the human soul,  
And pliers from its treasure hours  
Bright gems of hope, whose rays console  
The murmurings of our discontent,  
And cheer our fancied banishment.  
Alone?—'tis freezing to the life of joy,  
Dries up the avenues of bliss,  
When o'er the spirit creeps the thought—  
"Alone in such a world as this."  
Open thine eyes unto thy ears,  
Nor woo the solitude you hate;  
Commune with nature's friendly voice,  
Nor let thy heart grow desolate.  
Alone?—the midnight hath no power  
To bar the avenues of light,  
Thro' which bright visitants descend,  
To cheer the melancholy night.  
If in thy soul are slumbering thoughts  
Of God and Heaven, and human weal,  
The guests that seek thy company  
Will burst thro' massive bars of steel.  
If thou art praying for the right,  
And toiling upward day by day,  
If thou art seeking purer light  
To dawn upon thy darksome way,  
If human woe incite thy heart  
To deeds of high and lofty tone,  
No matter where thy footsteps tend,  
Thou canst not ever be alone.  
Hallowed communion, deep and high—  
Pure Spirits mingle in the throng,  
And whisper sweet and gentle tones—  
As noiselessly they glide along;  
All thro' the earth a thousand hearts  
Are beating in responsive strain,  
And Heaven and Seraph voices shout  
A loud and sanctified "Amen."

### THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

[The following article which we take from the "N. Y. Independent" contains many good truths, but the Spiritualist will not fail to see how difficult it is for the orthodox writer to account for man's moral condition without the instrumentality of a devil, and how exceedingly uncertain is the regeneration through the "Holy Spirit" even among those professing most. All that is tangible and true is distinctly in harmony with our spiritual philosophy.—ED. SUNBEAM.]

Contrary powers contend and wrestle in human experience, and they are everywhere recognized as contending, in the epistles of Paul, and in the words of the Master, for the mastery and control of the Human Soul. The animal nature, with its appetites and lusts, as ever re-enforced by a subtle, malignant, widely operating energy, working behind and manifesting through it, is one of these powers; itself, in fact, a two-fold power, yet with each active element in it so essentially harmonious and coincident with the other, that they may properly be regarded as one, and be represented by the one comprehensive and scriptural term "The Flesh," or, as sometimes, the Flesh and the Devil. The higher Reason, the Conscience, on the other hand, the realm of spiritual aspiration, intuition, and affirmation of Truth—this, as enlightened, rectified, pervaded by the Spirit of God, is the power that works in opposition to the flesh, and that tends to opposite developments and effects.—Where the Spirit of man has become thus irradiated and vitally renewed by the quickening contact of the Spirit of God, the flesh has lost its early supremacy. It has begun to be subjugated; and the promise is given of the more and more perfect victory of the Spirit till the man is made ready for immortal delights.

So goes on, mightily age after age, the struggle of the Spirit against the flesh, and of the earthliness and pride of man's nature, as re-inspired by diabolic influence against the heavenly and purifying power. It is a silent, noiseless conflict; unseen itself, though seen in thousand issues and influences; drawing no blood through its direct strokes, though sometimes involving widest conflicts in its historic and public relations. The whole world is the battle-ground. The souls of men are the kingdoms that are fought for. And ever the flesh warreth fiercely against the spirit, and the spirit in turn against the flesh; and these are contrary, one to another.

And now the Scriptures show us plainly the practical results, in the character and conduct, by which the operation of the Spirit may

be recognized, and may be distinguished from that of the flesh. There is evident and abundant necessity for this; in the fact that men are always and by nature inclined to think of themselves more highly than they should, and so may easily, unless thus instructed, attribute to the motions of God's Spirit within them what simply results from their own pride and worldliness; and in the additional, and as palpable fact, that lying pretenders to a grace they have not,—violent, selfish, and arrogant impostors, claiming to be what the facts do not show them, asserting themselves to be the children of God when they are in truth the children of the devil—are more surely detected, and more easily demonstrated, through these exact tests which the Scriptures afford.

There are always those who thus, through a vehemence of nature that deceives themselves or else through the sudden and inflaming effect of some general excitement on the subject of religion, suppose themselves to "have the Spirit," and to be practically led by him, when in fact their characters have never been touched by his celestial and purifying power. And there are always those, of course—it is the most successful form of imposture—who seek to make an impression on the world of eminent height and brightness of saintliness. None others are quite so pure as they. None others have quite the same rare quality of spirit. Others may now and then have done virtuously; but they, habitually, excel them all.—And on this claim of superior saintliness, and a rarer spirituality, of a character that surpasses and contrasts other men's, they found the claim for such respect, deference, and submission, as are not granted to others their equals. Their judgement must be yielded to; their wishes consulted; their interests advanced; their very passions be regarded as clothed with a certain special and providential authority; their denunciations be respected as having the truly "prophetic" rage in them, without admixture of human irritation or an unjust anger. They, in a word, are the friends of God, of Truth, and of Righteousness; without whom the Gospel would have no chance in a world like this; and whose *dictum* becomes, through the efficacy of their character, a final authority.—Inquisitions, priesthooos, papacies themselves, have sprung out of this root, and may do so again; and the fearfullest excesses, of cruelty, ever enacted in the name of Christianity, have come from just this poisoned source. That horrid, carnal, beastly "perfectionism," which has raged at some times, under that name or others, in different parts of the Christian world, and of which there have been sad specimens in this land and in this city within twenty years past—has had its source in precisely this idea: of a personal spiritual virus or force infused into the soul of one whose character showed no change, and making him supreme above trial and sin.—Some have no doubt ignorantly received this; but many others have as undoubtedly simply assumed it, and made it a cloak for the vilest lusts.

It is not therefore without reason or need that the Scriptures give us the plain enumeration, in repeating instances, of the results of the real and practical working of the Spirit of God on the higher nature and spirit of man, that Paul especially, in the twenty-second and twenty-third verses of the 5th of Galatians, states them with such particularity and carefulness. Let those who think they have the Spirit of God, and who carry their self-confidence in this matter so far, perhaps, as to doubt if others who profess the same faith and follow the same Master have felt this influence—let them carefully read and ponder this catalogue, and measure, by a faithful comparison with it, their own habitual utterances, acts, and states of temper. If they cannot stand this primary test, there is in them probably no light of the Spirit, but only a natural passion and pride, inflamed to white heat, and so simulating sanctity, while utterly, radically diverse from it. Censoriousness and passion, as well as lust, are born of the devil. A rancorous and harsh temper, is the temper of the world, and not of God! To defame, and denounce, to criticize and condemn, to fling out vehement accusation and scorn, it takes only human passion to do this, and a loose pen or tongue.

"But the fruit of the Spirit is Love, Joy, Peace, Long suffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Meekness, Temperance; against such there is no law!"

THE QUEEN OF ODE UPON CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY.—The Queen of Ode, taking offence at the recent Indian proclamation of the Queen of England, has issued a counter-proclamation, in which, among other subjects, the dusky lady refers to the generally accepted Christian theology, and finds the same stumbling block over which the Unitarians trip—the doctrine of the Trinity. She observes, in this connection, that "that religion is the true one that recognizes but a single God, and can acknowledge none other. But when there are three Gods in one religion, neither the Mahomedans, the Hindoes, the Jews, the Sun-worshippers, nor even the Fire-worshippers, can believe it to be true.—[Practical Christian.

## Cleanings

The editor of the London Times receives the same salary as the President of the United States.

J. W. Farmer, the philanthropist, has opened a free dining saloon in N. Y.

There are two hundred and fifty-four thousand apple seeds in a bushel.

There are over fourteen thousand seeds in an ounce of tobacco.

There are seventy thousand kernels of corn in a bushel.

As perfume is to the rose, so is good-nature to the lovely.

A tunnel, through the earth, from New England to New Zealand, would be 8000 miles long.

There never was a more beautiful reply than that of a good man in affliction, who was asked how he bore his sorrows so well. "It lightens the stroke to draw near to Him who handles the rod."

Gideon B. Smith of Baltimore, who is to locate what Meriam is to the weather, writes to The National Intelligencer that there will be invasions of the insects during the Spring just opening, in seven distinct districts, mostly in the Southern States.

On the occasion of the twelfth anniversary of the wedding of Jos. E. Russell of Springfield, Conn., Country Register of Deeds, a party of thirty friends surprised him and his wife with a visit and a present of a complete tea service of tin, of unique pattern and substantial finish.

M. Groux, the Frenchman born without a breastbone, who was exhibited to the medical faculty in New-York, some time since, is in Charleston. He has with him a delicate instrument, invented by a Boston electrician, for measuring the time occupied in transmitting the pulsations of the heart to the different arteries.

Time is a good and faithful friend, but a most revengeful and remorseless enemy. Like a deep-feeling and love-desiring human heart, it treasures up a grateful memory of kindness and good service; and is sure, sooner or later, to make payment with the addition of compound interest. But for every instance of neglect or abuse it takes certain and terrible vengeance; and none who incur its anger can escape its punishment; for, like death, time is inexorable.

Several new papers have made their appearance. The News from Home is a weekly, in quarto form, just started in New-York by Thomas Townshend to give old countrymen an epitome of news from England, Scotland and Ireland. The Sea is a nautical and miscellaneous journal, published simultaneously in Boston, New-York, Philadelphia and Buffalo, by the Rev. C. W. Deason. The Red, White and Blue is the odd title of a new story paper started at Philadelphia.

The Sabbath Committee in New York have just issued a startling document concerning the Sunday liquor traffic. It appears that there are seven thousand and seven hundred and seventy-nine places where liquors are sold, and more than five thousand of the number continue their business on Sunday. The larger establishments in the Bowery have bands of music, and most of them have theatrical performances, singing and dancing Sunday afternoon and evening. Of the whole number only seventy-two are regularly licensed.

Henry Ward Beecher cannot well be considered an idle man. Besides preaching every Sunday two sermons embodying more thought than usually goes to a dozen, delivering an evening lecture, and attending two or three meetings at his church every week, officiating at weddings and funerals whenever called upon, and lecturing all over the country, he writes every week for the Independent and for Bonner's Ledger.—His articles in the latter, under the general title, "Thoughts as they occur, by one who keeps his eyes and ears open," are full of practical common sense and sound morality.

An English paper says: "During the season of 1849-9, 130,000 bushels of oysters were sold in London alone. A million and a half are consumed in Edinburgh each season, being at the rate of more than 7,300 a day, and more than sixty millions are taken annually from the French channel banks alone."

Each batch of oysters intended for the French Capital is subjected to a preliminary exercise in keeping the shell closed at other hours than when the tide is out, until at length they learn by experience that it is necessary to do so whenever they are uncovered by sea-water.—Thus they are enabled to enter the metropolis of France polished oysters ought to do, not gaping like astounded rustics.

The German Press records every incident connected with the declining years of the venerable Humboldt. A Berlin paper gives the following anecdote: "The celebrated savant possessed a black parrot, presented to him years ago by the grandfather of the Princess of Prussia, Karl August of Saxi Weimar. Baron Humboldt was very fond of the bird, and, returning home the other day from a dinner party, he was disagreeably surprised by finding the parrot sitting droopingly on his perch. 'Well, Jacob,' he said, approaching the cage, 'which of us two is likely to die first?' Pray, your Excellency," remarked the old valet, do not speak to the bird of such serious matters." Humboldt turned away, silently, taking up a book. Half an hour afterwards the bird suddenly turns round, looks at its master, and—drops down dead. At this moment poor black Poll is being stuffed at the University Museum for his afflicted survivor.

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# THE SUNBEAM

"The Light Shined in Darkness; and the Darkness Comprehended it not:" St. John, 1, 5.

C. D. Griswold, Editor.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1859.

Vol. 1. Number 18.

## Original Story.

### A HARMONIOUS FAMILY.

Written for the Sunbeam.

In the year of 1812 there resided near the margin of a beautiful stream, a family of high repute, whose stainless character, and intellectual endowments placed them far above their neighbors in the immediate vicinity.

The family consisted of two daughters, and a son. The father and mother had long since thrown off their earthly forms, and found a peaceful home on the bright shores of a waveless ocean, in the spirit realm, and left their children surrounded by all the comforts, and many of the luxuries of life. Besides this they had imparted, and infused into their beings high and holy truths.

They left them as a legacy their exemplary lives enshrined upon the tablets of their hearts, and most sacredly was every wish, precept and example conformed to. Bound to each other by the strong ties of affection, watched over by those who tenderly loved them; these children derived at manhood, and womanhood, nothing had occurred to disturb the harmony of their quiet rural home. Highly gifted intellectually, they had access through books to the minds and thoughts of the great of past ages, and grasped almost intuitively every new idea that tended toward the amelioration of humanity.

Thus far their home had been their world; every nook and corner, every shrub and flower, every path that led through grove and meadow, were looked upon with feelings of reverence almost amounting to idolatry. Here on this quiet bank, close by the rippling water, a mother's love was remembered; her anxious solicitude, her tears, her words should go to the children's hearts, and the words of admonition and caution, called up deep and thrilling memories that would not be parted with for worlds. The woods, the trees and fields and all their surroundings, when endeared to them by some of childhood's joys or sorrows.

The time at last arrived when the trio felt it a duty to separate; and was Mary's heart when the brother disclosed to her the fact, that he must leave home for his country's good; that he was one of those who had been chosen to take sword in hand, to defend the soil bequeathed to him and others by a father's industry and patriotism. All was bustle and confusion in their heretofore quiet house. All that sisterly affection could do, was done, and the brother clasped to his bosom the two dear ones he had watched over with more than a brother's protecting care; being the eldest he had taken upon himself the responsibility usually resting upon a father, as far as practicable. With a cheerful "good by," and a fervent "God bless you," he left them.

Dark and gloomy seemed every room in the old mansion the day after Henry's departure. There was no manly voice to ascend that morning at the family altar, but O how earnestly these sisters pleaded in prayer that the all-protecting care of the Infinite might be a shield and armor to him who had left them; with what fervor they besought the Spirits of their departed friends to watch over and guide their only son, and if possible to breathe into his soul cheering hopes of a safe return. Lately the duties of the day were performed, and with it closed the week; this was not the only event that had transpired to cast a cloud over the sisters' spirits, but a beloved pastor who had officiated in the little church for years, had been taken away to try the realities of an unseen and hidden world.

When the sun arose the next morning, the morning of that Sabbath they had been taught to welcome as a day of rest, as a time sacred to holy contemplations, they felt that the light of their life had gone out; that revered one who had been a counsellor and adviser to them, could no more be heard or seen; his voice was hushed in death. Such were their thoughts as they slowly wended their way to church; they knew that another had been engaged to occupy the place of the lost one, but curiosity could not efface the sad recollection of the departed. They entered the church, took their usual seat and anxiously waited to hear the words of him who was to expound

to them the language of revelation. Slowly he arose and with a solemn earnestness invoked the blessing of the Mosthigh, alluding most touchingly to the aged brother who had so long ministered to the spiritual wants of that congregation, and as his deep toned voice filled the house, every soul responded and it seemed as if a united feeling of love and thankfulness ascended to the Father of Spirits.

A serene and holy calm pervaded the audience, and the sisters felt that if God had deprived them of a faithful teacher, He had abundantly blessed them with another. As he opened the fids of the Bible and selected the words, "I leave you but I will send a comforter," most truly they realized that God spoke through this chosen one, as the glowing words of truth fell from his lips, and his whole being became animated and his soul appeared to burn with the fire of inspiration which burst forth in floods of eloquence such as the pure in heart only can possess. And when the last amen broke the spell that had chained the audience to their seats; the assembly dispersed each forming higher resolves of future usefulness.

The young minister's zeal soon diffused itself through the community, and moved the dormant energies of the members of the church. They had the church remodeled, a sewing circle was started among the ladies for the express purpose of alleviating the wants of the poor, in fact, every reasonable effort was made to make the pastor happy. He performed his pastoral duties with cheerfulness, dignity and perseverance; visited the poor and indigent of the neighborhood, and watched over his little flock with assiduity and care. There were occasional hints thrown out that the pastor was often seen at the Melbourn house, of prolonged visits at this domicile, but they were received with becoming forbearance by those referred to.

Leaving them pursuing the even tenor of their way we will look after the absent brother. Soon after joining the army, there was a skirmish with the enemy, which was enough to impress upon his mind the horrors of war, and to make him realize the debasing and demoralizing effect of human butchery.

One evening as he was walking alone his mind dwelling on the events of the day, he found himself beside a lonely and dilapidated house. As he stopped to survey the premises he heard suppressed moans and listened till he was convinced that some one was in distress, and then gently rapped on the door. It was opened by a young girl who with a sweet but sad voice bade him enter. He apologized, and then said, "as I passed the window, I heard indications of distress or sorrow, and hoping that I might be of some service if such was the case, I ventured to enter." As he said this the girl's pent up feelings again burst forth, and pointing to a couch, if it could be called such on the opposite side of the room, she said, "there lies all the friend I had in the world, my dear dear father; he was wounded while striving to relieve the sufferings of the soldiers, and brought home to die. He would not allow me to go for any one, and here he lies; will no one help me! will no one tell me what to do with his remains?"

As soon as her anguish had subsided, Mr. Melbourn said to her, "give me your confidence afflicted one, and give me also something of your history that I may know what course to pursue." There was that in his countenance that inspired her to trust him, and therefore proceeded to tell him that her father was an Englishman, and that before he came to America he was moderately wealthy. She had a faint recollection of her mother, and of scenes connected with her death; that she had one brother several years older than herself who led a profligate and dissipated life and was the cause of their poverty, and to whom could be attributed the premature gray hair of the father before them. The father did all that love and wisdom could devise to reclaim him, but it did not avail. He sunk lower and lower in sin and wickedness, calling on his father for pecuniary assistance, and he became responsible until he was perfectly in the power of this son's vile companions.

To release himself from persecution, and to free her from the insults of the one he was

most indebted to who sought her hand in marriage he left his home, and here he had died alone uncare for except by her, without means to defray his funeral expenses. There was a short silence and then Mr. Melbourn said, "I have a home and two sisters who would gladly receive you and do all that kindness and tenderness can to make you cheerful." He then related to her his connection with the army saying, "I am a stranger to you, but will try to satisfy you of the truthfulness of what I say. There is a family near here that were acquainted with my parents, and if you will go to them, I will see that the remains of your dear father are suitably interred." He left but soon returned with the lady of the family referred to who offered the orphan a home until other arrangements could be made.

Ida Clifford thankfully accepted the proffered hospitality of the friends who had been providentially sent to her; at least it seemed to her that providence had cared for her when no human aid was near; but in after years she realized that circumstances, and not an interposition of the Infinite brought friends to her on the sad occasion referred to.

On the third day after the incidents recorded in the preceding narrative, Ida followed to the tomb all that remained of the beloved parent; meekly she bore her heavy affliction, for she was sure that what was her loss, would result in his gain; and as the last sad words were uttered "dust to dust" she felt a strong arm around her, and knew that a manly form stood near to tender that support she so much needed.

One evening soon after the burial of Ida's father, Harriet Trivers, the young pastor was seated in one of the cozy parlors at Melbourn house, conversing with Mary and Ruth, when the post boy was announced bearing a letter from Henry, a most welcome message it was, for they had only received two short epistles from him since he left. Eagerly were the contents of the letter perused and commented upon as disclosed to them. When he told them he should soon be at home and bring the lovely orphan they could hardly restrain their joy. Ruth wished to be excused to answer her brother's letter and Mary was left to entertain their guest.

Long had Mr. Trivers wished, or rather sought an opportunity to disclose to Mary how dear she had become to him; "Miss Melbourn" he said, "I am thankful for this interview, I can but hope the deep love I bear you is reciprocated, although it has never been spoken. There is a sympathy of soul existing between us that cannot be misunderstood." Her answer was such as she thought the noble being who had sought her hand deserved. They needed no recording angel to witness their vows, for the God within their own being pronounced them wedded in heart and soul, and ready to begin life's journey together. He wished to take her to the home of his nativity, but she told him that he could not be spared, and that his people would not consent to have him leave them, but if agreeable to him, she would prefer to spend the remainder of her days on the spot endeared to her by so many fond remembrances of her childhood's home. That this proposition was consented to, subsequent events will show.

The sisters were hourly expecting their brother, and Ida. Every arrangement was made that could be devised to render the one that was so soon to become an inmate of the household happy. A neat room was prepared for her, fresh flowers adorned the mantle, on the center table the books were neatly arranged in one corner stood a guitar, and every thing possible was thought of to add to the cheerfulness of the apartment and give it a home-like appearance, which plainly indicated the refinement of the occupants that made the preparations.

About two weeks after the receipt of Henry's message, as twilight was spreading as a mantle over the earth, and all seemed quiet and serene as need be to hear the whispering of angels, the rumbling of carriage wheels broke the stillness of the scene, and the sisters rushed to the door, and were clasped in their brother's arms. Most cordially did they welcome the fair girl he brought with him, and leading her to the apartment prepared for her,

Mary said, "this is your room, and all that it contains; make use of it all as though it had ever been yours. Ida threw her bonnet and shawl down on the sofa then taking Mary's hand and pressing it to her lips she said, "you are casting your bread upon the waters, do you expect a return?" "Yes," answered Mary, "if you are happy and content, it is all the recompense we wish. Mary returned to the parlor where she found her brother and Mr. Trivers who had entered and been introduced by Ruth during her absence.

Tea was soon announced, and a more joyous and social party seldom met. After discussing the general topics of the day, Mary opened the piano and requested Ida to favor them with music. She consented to play an accompaniment on the guitar, and sang a low plaintive piece, full of beauty and pathos. All felt that within that beautiful casket were deep and soul thrilling memories of the loved and lost. The evening passed pleasantly away and the next morning Mr. Melbourn returned to the army.

Nearly three months after Henry's departure, a gentleman called at the door of Melbourn house and delivered a package of letters from Henry, and with them a letter of introduction for the bearer. The brother said his name was Austin an intimate friend of his, and a brother officer. Mr. Austin accepted the proffered hospitality of the sisters, and remained through the night with them, and left on the following day with the understanding that he should call on his return, and be the bearer of messages to Henry from home.

Nothing of importance transpired connected directly with their family for the next twelve months. When Henry visited home his friend Austin always accompanied him, and the neighbor's had their curiosity somewhat excited, with regard to two neat cottages with their green blinds which were completed in the summer following.

In the autumn of 1815 three couples were seen moving along a path that led from Melbourn house, to a grove near by in which was seen an aged man seated in an arm-chair. Before him stood a table on which was a Bible and three pieces of paper. As the party approached he arose and his flowing robes bespoke his ministerial office; the ladies were habited in travelling dresses. There under the spreading branches of the trees, with Heaven's blue canopy above, Earnest Trivers, and Mary Melbourn were united in marriage. Next in turn Henry Melbourn, with Ida Clifford, then Edgar Austin, and Ruth plighted their vows of eternal fidelity and were married.

After the ceremonies the company started on a tour of pleasure. Saratoga's gaities were participated in, and the sublime and magnificent scenery connected with the Niagara, was fully appreciated. Then they returned, Henry occupied the homestead, the two sisters, the new cottages. Now we leave them enjoying all the happiness of their congenial natures.

### MOSES AND WOMAN.

No one will deny that Moses was a remarkable man. The fact that he has stamped his image so indelibly on the world, shows him to have been a man of extraordinary power. No one will question the excellence of many of his laws, nor the truth of many of his utterances; but when we try him by the clearer light of latter times, his wisdom is imperfect, his authority as a guide fades from the mind, and we know that his inspiration was not plenary, that he does not fairly represent the pure and unchanging God.

The condition and treatment of woman under the Mosaic law was unjust and inhuman, and could not have been divine. That law fails to recognize the individuality and freedom of woman—fails to recognize her rights as a woman, much less as a human being. She was deemed unworthy to be a constituent part of the Jewish Church—not only excluded from the priesthood, but the membership. The very initiatory rites that opened the door were so contrived that she had no place in the Mosaic Church. The law gave the father power to sell his daughters as servants; Ex. xxi; 7—gave power to sell them as wives. Jacob bought two wives—worked seven years

a piece for them. Hosea, the prophet, bought a wife for fifteen pieces of silver and twenty-two and a half bushels of barley—half cash and half grain. Hos. iii; 2. We have a remarkable account of David's buying a wife of Saul, 1 Sam. xviii; 25, 27. The Jewish estimate of woman darkly portrayed in that strange story of the war with the tribes of Benjamin. See Judges xxi; 10, 14. Under the counsel of the Lord, (the Jewish Lord) they had waged a murderous war against the Benjaminites, till they had slain them all except six hundred unmarried men, and in the meantime had bound themselves to each other with an oath, that none of their daughters should marry a Benjaminite. When the work of destruction is well nigh accomplished, they are seized with repentance and sorrow, that tribe in Israel is about to be blotted out. What is to be done? How shall the six hundred be supplied with wives? A happy expedient presents itself. The city of Jabesh Gilead had sent no troops to the bloody war. So the congregation sent twelve thousand men, and with the edge of the sword destroyed every male and married female, and seized four hundred virgins and supplied two-thirds of the Benjaminites. The remainder two hundred they sent to the vineyards of Shiloh at the time of an annual festival, told them to hide themselves, and when the daughters of Shiloh came out to dance, they should "catch every man his wife," and drag her to his home. And thus one tribe of God's chosen people was preserved from extinction. Look now at the condition and estimate of woman under the institutions of Moses, said to be divine. Her person was not sacred, her affections were sacrificed, her rights utterly disregarded; she was not the companion and equal of man, but only the tool of his caprice, the victim of his lusts. What protection had she under the laws of Moses or the public sentiment they created. She was the helpless victim of murder, kidnapping, rape and prostitution. Strange that any woman of the nineteenth century can believe in the divinity of the laws and institutions of the Jews! What an outrage on the purity and freedom of woman, to allow her no choice in her companion for life—no regard to her taste and temper, her aspirations and hopes—but only regard to the whims and covetousness of tyrannical power. Even as a widow, when age and affliction may be supposed to have given her character and strength, and to entitle her to compassion and protection, her choice and freedom, feelings and affections were ruthlessly sacrificed to the despotism of a State policy, worthy only of the darkest ages. When her husband died, she was compelled to submit herself to her husband's brother—no matter whether she wished to be married again or not—no matter whether her affections were elsewhere engaged—no matter what the husband's brother's character might be—no matter how many wives he had, she was doomed by law, said to be the law of God. See Deut. xxv; 5, 10.

What pure-minded, intelligent woman, can believe that our Father in Heaven, the God of purity and love, ever required or sanctioned such abominable injustice and wrong—ever inspired a lawgiver to make such statutes? Such a belief is unworthy of the enlightened reason and the pure conscience—blasphemous towards God, demoralizing to man. If God made woman thus—legislated thus in regard to woman, no wonder she is crushed by power and lust, no wonder at free-love theories and Salt Lake sensualities. It is to rescue the character of God from such foul representations—to rescue man from the horrible influence of such views, that we question the doctrine of plenary inspiration, and urge you to discriminate between the truths and falsehoods of all scriptures. There is nothing so sacred as truth—cherish it as your best heritage, the very apple of your eye, the very life of the soul.—[Spirit Guardian.]

Nothing more completely baffles one who is full of trick and duplicity than straightforward and simple integrity in another. A knave would rather quarrel with a brother knave than with a fool, but he would rather avoid a quarrel with one honest, sensible man than with both.



# THE SUNBEAM

SATURDAY MORNING, MAR. 12, 1899.

THE SUNBEAM WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY A. P. DUNLAP & CO. Office at No. 3, Niagara-st., second door West of Main-st., North side of the Church.

TERMS.—One Dollar a year in advance. Clubs of Eight Subscribers, payable quarterly in advance when such terms are preferable, and one copy given to the getter up of the club during its continuance. Subscribers clubbing as above, must receive their papers to one address.

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We should be pleased to have Mediums, Public Speakers, and Spiritualists generally, interest themselves in promoting the circulation of THE SUNBEAM.

A standing notice will be given every Medium and Speaker requesting it.

## PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

It is very probable that the era of what is known as "physical manifestations" from Spirits is about drawing to a close. We wish to be understood as meaning that class of manifestations which are now almost everywhere received at call as evidences of Spirit existence. The period of such manifestations through Christ and his disciples at the dawn of the Christian era was limited, and it will probably be so now.

Sufficient has already been given to the world to satisfy the material minded seeker after the evidences of the invisible life of its reality, if such ever can, when once collected, sifted and put in form as some future collator will do—vastly more than is contained in all the Scriptures.

One reason why this order of evidence will not long continue is drawn from the fact that it is the least satisfactory to the thinking and reasoning mind, and therefore of the smallest use, being adapted only to the material senses or the functions of animal life. It is very rarely that we meet with a Spiritualist who was convinced of the presence of Spirits, from physical phenomena. Many think so perhaps, and say so, but the truth in most cases is, that they were only stimulated to investigate the great principles which lie at the bottom of this matter, and reached satisfactory evidences, only through the development of the spiritual nature, in its higher receptive state.

To the materialist, the tangible things of earth are the only fixed facts in existence, and yet it requires only a limited capacity to see that they are the most changeable and transitory. The earth of to-day is dissolved and enters into the structure of the tree to-morrow; the tree is consumed and its elements mostly pass off into the atmosphere to feed other forms of vegetable and animal life; and thus by the constant change of elements from one tangible form to another, they become ultimately so refined that they are gathered together in the living structure of man—the most refined form of organic life. In the human organism matter attains a higher degree of development still, and from this is formed in the living organism the Spirit form, and from the Spirit, for ought we know, comes the soul, or eternally ending reasoning principle.

From this illustration it will be seen that the material tangible evidences of Spirit existence, such as the world is seeking for, is not only the most crude, but the least reliable, it being obtained through and from the changeable things of this world, and appeals only to the imperfect senses of the material life.—When we reach beyond the range of material evidence, we come to the enduring and unchangeable convictions which find a place no, where but in the internal consciousness, the offspring of the soul that knows no change.

Another, and perhaps the most important reason why material exhibitions of spirit existence may not long continue may be derived from the fact that they are not in themselves productive of any good. They only at most demonstrate the existence and presence of Spirits, but the more important fact that they can instruct us concerning our immortality,

is only derived from a higher development which partakes of the intellectual rather than the physical, therefore unless we leave the physical manifestations for the higher unfoldment of spirit power, we lose not only that on which the spirit within us can grow, but the most satisfactory and conclusive evidence of spirit existence—that which is attained through the interior receptive faculties.

We know individuals who have for years been seeking positive tests of spirit existence and power to communicate with man in the form, but they have never yet become entirely satisfied; sometimes such investigators seem to be, for a time, and then they fall back again into doubt and uncertainty. They often fix upon a test and say, "give me only this and I will be satisfied," but though it may be given, they remain still unconvinced; and it may be settled as a fixed fact, that until such investigators leave the tests and phenomena, and begin to make Spiritualism what it should be to them, and what it is designed to be to all—the light of a new dispensation, the unfoldment of a new step in the progress of the human race—they will remain in darkness and uncertainty; for the external things of Spiritualism are not, and never can be satisfying to the mind, which requires something more, the internal consciousness that surpasses all tests, and which comes only through development.

To see and understand spiritual things we must become spiritual minded, and it is a blessed fact it is so, for were it not we should believe and be satisfied without ever reaching that upon which the Spirit feeds and grows in preparation for the future world.

No man believes in Spiritualism fully until he adopts its teachings and makes them the rule of his life's conduct. Until he does this, all the phenomena and demonstrations that ever came from the spirit spheres can do him no good; to such as do not, it is but an "empty sound signifying nothing," however much they may talk, or profess, or demonstrate, and hence it is that Spiritualism thus far has done the world of mankind so little good.

## SOMETHING COMING.

We understand that there is soon to be revealed to the world another grand explosion of a Spiritual humbug.

An oyster dealer in Boston who finding that the gaping bi-valves exposed at his door were not sufficiently attractive to draw custom equal to his ambition, conceived the plan of getting up an entertainment of "Spiritual manifestations." After taking time to complete his arrangements it was announced that "the spirits" would make his customers hats dance when off their heads, and on the floor, or on a table, the only aid or assistance required by "the Spirits" consisted in the accompaniment of a tune on the fiddle to make them feel jolly. Of course the performance drew immensely, every one anxious to see his own particular hat perform the jig without his head in it.

The oysterman was soon overwhelmed with guests who growing hungry on excited curiosity, of course must needs take a "stew" before departing, and hence he was reaping his reward. But to the "phenomena," did the hats dance? most certainly they did, and without respect to owners or conditions of society. The wonder grew bigger and bigger every day, and spread wider and wider from tongue to tongue until it reached New York. From this goodly city, a self constituted committee proceeded at once to the modern Athens to investigate the mystery. Arriving at the place—once only a humble shop where oysters were served fried or stewed, but now suddenly famous—the committee uncovered its profound head and placing its hat; seemingly wise from contact with wisdom, on the floor, and demanded that the Spirits, if Spirits there be, make it dance. No sooner said than done; the first draw of the fiddle bow met with a response in the gyration, or agitation of the hat.

The committee was confounded and likewise no doubt the intellectual hat, and together they returned home to agitate the mystery. Whether the oysterman was rewarded in this instance in the sale of a stew or informant saith not, or whether "bottled imps" or spirits were sought for to relieve the weariness of the rigid investigation we are unable to definitely state.

At last the "intelligence" reached that terror of humbugs John F. Coles, the man who possesses the wonderful faculty of discerning where Spirits are not. Straightway John proceeded by the first "express" in such haste to reach the "seat of wonder" that he forgot his pocket book jack. Arriving in the city of Notions, John repaired at once to the saloon, and refreshed himself in the most deliberate manner on a "stew," and a cool glass of water before proceeding to the attack.

Introducing in the most casual way the subject of "Spirits," he succeeded in throwing the cunning oysterman off his guard, and was readily entertained with an exhibition of the "dancing hats." All unconscious of the eagle eye of the great investigator and mystery unfold, "the thing" was not perhaps managed

with the usual adroitness, and thus it was left for the great reveller, John the 2d, to discover the wiles and needles, and the man behind the partition, and reveal the same to the world, which we understand will be done through the "Banner of Light" on the first of April next.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

The "Banner of Light" come to this office last week, enclosing the following notice with a request that we publish it, offering to exchange with us on our so doing. We cheerfully comply:—

"RELIGIOUS STARS OF AMERICA.—The Banner of Light—a weekly paper published in Boston, furnishes its readers every week with verbatim reports of Henry Ward Beecher's and E. H. Chapin's sermons. Terms, \$2 per year, and in the same proportion for a shorter term. Sample copies sent free, with club terms."

We admire the business tact and energy exhibited in the management of the "Banner of Light," and as a general thing its leading articles and correspondence, but we must dissent from its system of exclusiveness in withholding so generally all information through its columns of other spiritual papers, and its apparent effort to crush them out of existence by offering extensively through circulars and agents to supply subscribers for a time, at half the price of their published rates.

This policy is not necessary in order to get circulation, for we understand that it sells now at the rate of 14,000 copies weekly.

Such a course is not consistent or liberal towards cotemporaries, nor is it based upon a comprehensive view of the growing interests and demands of Spiritualism.

The "Banner of Light" is by no means a leading paper in its progressive spirit; but rather it seeks to fall in the wake of popular sentiment, instead of leading it on in the great cause of human redemption. Part orthodox, part heterodox and part spiritual, it seeks a wide range in the thinking world, while with stories, and a whole page of spirit communications got up somewhat on the system of "machine poetry," it takes in, in more senses than one, nearly every class of the human family that reads. We commend it to our readers in the light in which we view it, assuring them that we buy it every week, and look it over with interest, and know no reason why they may not with even greater partiality, as not many of them are publishing a paper that its business policy is attempting to destroy.

## Spirit Communications.

### THE LOWER AND THE HIGHER.

[GIVEN THROUGH MRS. S. C. WATERS, MEDIUM.]

A clearer sky or clearer day could not smile upon the earth, yet, Oh! how dim, compared to celestial sky, is eternal day.

When Love swells the human breast it is a tone of melodious sweetness, yet—Oh! how insignificant, if you fail to recognize the whole chord of love supported on the base of law.

This law, is the outpouring of love from the Divine Fountain. God's love, is the tonic love of the universe—the key note of the chord, supporting and modulating the whole. Even in love, discords claim a dominant position, yet is the cadence incomplete without their presence. God's love is the ruling love; seraph's and angel's loves are but accompaniments to this grand theme; Spirits swell the chorus, and down on earth a choir of voices yet untutored, catch the Heavenly strains, and reproduce them with vibrations, such as ears unpracticed may deem complete, still they are but fragmentary echoes of the cadences of love—the stifled vibrations of the harmonic strains of that God-like, Deific Love, which animates the universe with its swelling symphonies.

Stern and uncompromising is the statue of Deity that man has chiseled, cloudy and threatening is the brow of that Judge; a sword is thrown into the balance of the scales of justice, and vengeance is emblazoned on the beam, while the cry of "mercy" is unceasingly uttered on bended knee before this giant deformity of the imagination. Is this love to God? Is it giving Him the honor due our Heavenly Father, thus to clothe him with attributes befitting only to humanity? As behind the stained glass window—that devoutly testifies the sun is red, green, or yellow—we are in the illusive embrace of an error that discolors truth; so the discoloring attributes imputed to Deity, are but the beclouding garments that exist in men's minds.

That we shall see the sun clearly, and as it is, if we pass beyond the window, is not more sure than that we shall see God as a being of Infinite Love and supreme Wisdom, when we advance nearer to him, and leave behind us the illusions of the past. Man worships but the shadow of Deity—a dark, deformed, and undefined shadow; above, in the sunlight of truth where his eye has not dared to gaze, is the God of the universe, clad in the serenity of love and the majesty of wisdom—a glory inconceivable yet never fearful.

Earth is a stepping-stone to the spheres,—first the earthly, then the spiritual. On earth—the threshold to the "vast unknown"—is enacted tragedy, and comedy, as well as earnest, noiseless life, straining to press forward where it may catch the strains that reverberate within the closed temple beyond. Death stands usher to this temple in a portal unilluminated. The wrangling host and giddy throng outside, would fain escape that portal, because the door is not thrown open wide revealing all within; but the calm listening ear hath heard the glad anthem pealing there, and enters joyously, as a wanderer home returned at last.

What is earth-life? It is a feeble existence clothed in the cumbersome armour of materiality, so painfully chafing the Spirit and confining its energies; it is a silent watch in the dreary night, dreaming of the day to dawn on us in a strange land; it is the calyx of the flower of existence—outer drapery, that must pass away ere the bursting bud of life can disclose its sweetness; earth-life is but the sombre soil beneath whose surface spirit existence germinates, where—like the odor of the flower; the essence of immortality is evolved and liberated; but—Oh! the higher! the spirit-life—the substance, of which earth-life is the shadow! Speak! soul of man! canst thou comprehend this liberty—this glorious destiny?—above the clouds of earth, freed from the chains of matter, stript of error's delusions, and ushered into the presence of Love and Wisdom through the spiral years of eternal progression. Even the seraph's soul is but an imperfect mirror of that destiny. On! on eternally! above his head unfold the circling centenal ages, richer, and richer in experiences of love and wisdom—boundless and eternal sublimation of spirit, too vast to be carried to earth-sphere but in fragmentary echoes and scattering rays. O, man! unloose thy hold of the lower, and stretch forth to grasp the higher: there is ever a higher plane, a higher life, a higher happiness, a higher love, a higher wisdom, of which thou canst almost partake.

Strive! each effort brings thee nearer,—pass it! a still higher beckons thee,—and thus 'tis evermore: thy flight far up toward the dome of interminable years, is but a moiety of thy glorious destiny.

## SPIRIT MESSAGE.

Buffalo Feb. 27, '99.

EDITOR OF THE SUNBEAM:—The following communication being full of sound good teaching I hope you will make room for it this week, it is the teachings of a Spirit to his son-in-law in the form, who is rich in this worlds good. The communication was written at five different sittings through the raps. J. SWAIN.

[MRS. J. SWAIN, MEDIUM.]

MY DEAR BOY—I am glad to meet with you and have an opportunity to communicate with you. Thomas you must begin to lead a new life do not take the name of God in vain, for God is good to all the works of his hands; O, my boy thy Heavenly Father has been very good to thee, He has made thee lord over much of this world's goods; be thankful to the giver of all good. Again my dear boy, I would say, be thankful, to thy Heavenly Father for all that thou possess, for it is lent to thee not for thy own selfish pleasures, but you have been made steward over much, and for much you will have to give an account.

Let the teachings of the meek and lowly Jesus be the chart to guide your feet in the right way, all his teachings were love, love to God, and love to man. I would have you plant the law of love in your heart, so that it may grow and bring forth much fruit. Thomas, become trusting as a little child in thy father God, and his love will fill thy inmost heart, my boy I will tell you of my spirit-home, but not to night. O, Thomas I am happy, happy, happy!—it is all love here good night, my dear boy. Yes my dear boy, it is all love in our beautiful spirit home; I did not find such a Heaven as I had imagined, while I was on earth, it is far more beautiful than man can conceive. I had thought that the Spirit went immediately into the presence of God, but it is not so, we have to progress upward continually,—begin a life of progression here Thomas for that is wisdom.

You must build your own spirit-home while you are in the form; if you don't build your own house, you will have to go a long time homeless. Remember every good act will help build your spirit house; every act of love and self-sacrifice is taken by bright loving Spirit friends and formed into a house. O my dear boy is not that a beautiful thought, that every good act is borne away to the spirit-land by bright winged Spirits.

My dear Thomas you must look to the great central Spirit, from whom all light emanates, for light; you must study the volume of nature, let the physical nature be ever so debased, yet will it rise for its affinity is upward, and it must advance. Thomas, my dear boy, you must hold fast the teachings you have received. Good night.

C. D.

## ADULLUM.

A TRANCE SCENE—BY JOHN PAGE.

Being magnetized, a man of dignified appearance, stood before me. After looking at him for some time, he still preserving silence. I enquired what he would have? He pointed east with his index finger, saying at the same time, "look eastward, and remember what, and whom you see, for you must write a true record of the facts now to be made known. Soon there appeared clear to my view, a landscape, stretching far away; on nearing which, new features were constantly being developed, such as small knowies and large hills, and swelling lands, with springs bursting from their base, and sides, and forming themselves into streams that go murmuring through the meadows, with music and grandure so enchanting, as to compel a world-to wonder and admire. Trees of rare beauty and rich odor were seen in clusters, or copses, in all directions; beneath the shade of which were reclining flocks and herds, who had sought these grateful shades, during the heat of the day.

A vast multitude of people, male and female, were now thronging every part of the country, well clothed and fed, intelligent and contented. Much of the land was in a high state of cultivation, producing fruits, vegetables, and grain in abundance.

Now came a man towards me, from among the many, of odd appearance. His feet and legs were bare to the knee; he wore something like short drawers, and about his body a tight shirt, without sleeves and open at the breast. He was bare-headed, muscular built, and of beautiful symmetry with a stern countenance, dark complexion, long beard and hair, and winning in his address. One would feel at home in his presence, and his movements indicated a man of great power, and his age seemed not yet passed thirty.

He now motioned to me to look again over the scene before, partially described, and in doing so, I discovered escarpments of reddish brown stone in the eastern side of a hill, in which was a cave; but I could make nothing of it, so I turned away, my friend saying, I will tell you by and by, what that means—alluding as I supposed to the cave.

He now led the way until we stood upon an elevation of land, seeming to command a view a great way in each direction, and fixing his eye on one barren spot saying "the power that holds in obedience the people at whom you have been looking, will soon fall to rise no more." He paused, still pointing with his finger to the first location, which I now saw was Egypt. Turning in another direction, I saw an Island, and with his keen eye fixed upon it, said, "the crescent and the cross will have a tilt some day on, and for that spot, and both will get nicely whipped; for instead of their motives being mighty to conquer, they will become symbols of defeat in their own hands, for such ends. Now, said he, turn back to the land of your first view. Being seated, my guide said to me, I was present at your birth; and by the impartation of the spirit of prophecy, that curious prediction was made concerning you. Now for this very cause, I have raised you up, and chosen you out of many brethren, to bear testimony with many others, that the ancient prophets and seers can come to you and make themselves known, and you can see, hear, and feel them as certainly as if they were in the form? What else but a joyous occasion could this be to me, to have a friend enter into my joys, and go with me to the scenes of my youth? I would ask the most skeptical of the men of your time, if they would not like to take a trip with me, as this friend has?"

"Well they would not believe that you have seen me?" "They probably will not," but, speak this truth in unwilling ears, and then wait patiently. There is a greater event before you than the subversion of a kingdom.

A third person now joined us in full armor, as if prepared for war, my guide spoke his name, but I did not understand it at the time. He was a young man of fine appearance, and I understood he had been a great captain in his time, and had fallen in battle with this same armor on. On enquiry I learned it was where, or nearly where we then stood. My guide pointed to the ground, and said something to him of which the closing sentences were nearly as follows: "Their love surpasseth the love of women. In death they were not separated." My guide put up his hand, and took me by my beard, with a gentle hold, saying "look at the cave," (the one before seen) I looked and he said, "Adullum—once my home." I then asked who are you? He replied—"David, the son of Jesse; the other is Jonathan, Saul's armor bearer, who fell on this spot." On looking round for a stone to mark the spot, I found instead, myself sitting in my own room, the clock striking eleven P. M.

Elba, N. Y., Dec. 25th, 1858.

Of all other views, a man may, in time grow tired; but in the countenance of woman, there is a variety which sets weariness at defiance.



## Correspondence.

### CHRISTIANITY HAS CIVILIZED THE WORLD.

Written for The Sunbeam.

"Yes no doubt in my mind" says the Christian, "but that Christianity has civilized the world," and glorying in his position he is content to think "that it has," and because his neighbor is an intelligent Christian and "he says it has, and there is Rev. Mr. Frink, he has also asserted this fact, and only last Sabbath preached the same thing, and proved beyond all controversy that 'were it not for Christianity the world would soon return to a state of barbarism and heathenism, and superstition roused from its long slumber, would again take possession, where now truth and virtue have their abode.'" What a glorious sermon! How sublime! How truthful! But where did Mr. Frink D. D. get his arguments? Mr. Frink no doubt thought that he was in the right and merely thinking and satisfied with the thought he said what he did. But where is his arguments? Has he perused the history of Rome and Greece? Or does he take it as a truth that because Christianity has stood through many centuries that that is sufficient evidence of its beneficial influence?—Did Mr. Frink ever peruse the history of Greece covering a space of time, five centuries before the birth of Christ? Was the world civilized then to such an extent that we can go back and learn wisdom from Grecian Philosophers, Statesmen and Poets? "But" says Mr. Frink, "shortly after the birth of Christ and before his teachings became generally known, there were ages of darkness, and Christianity lighted up the world and rolled onward the vehicle of civilization that had so long remained without that motive power necessary for its advancement. 'Ah, Mr. Frink, perhaps you take it as an axiom that because there was a dark age that Christianity was the cause of the banishing of that darkness?'—But my dear sir, have you forgotten that the splendor of Grecian Glory began to grow less magnificent, in that same age that they (the Grecians) began to believe in the teachings of Moses? Have you forgotten that Rome's greatness began to decline in that age, that they (the Roman's) began to dispute the march of Platonism, and adhere to the teachings of the prophets and apostles? Do not take it for granted that I think Christianity was the cause of the fall of the Roman Empire, or of the liberties of Greece, not by any means.—But you speak of a 'dark age' and conclude from thence that because at that time Christianity began to find advocates that it civilized the world. And, speak of the fall of Rome in this 'dark age,' and of Greece, and as Christianity was introduced at a time when they commenced to decline; hence I refer with just as much ground for the establishment of a logical conclusion, that Christianity or the philosophy of Moses was the cause.

But there are numerous Mr. Frinks, with D. D.'s attached who talk the same and have for many centuries, and there are more good, faithful Christians who hear such assertions, and hearing believe. But to those who thus easily believe and adopt the opinions and assertions of others I would say: "Reflect well upon a principle before you take it for granted that it is a truth. And of those that are vain-glorious in their assertions of the absoluteness and goodness of the influence that Christianity has had in the civilized world, I would ask, does the Bible teach us that we are conscious beings? Where was consciousness before that book was composed? Does it tell us to revere God? What was the Religion of Socrates? Does it tell us to love our neighbors as ourselves? Were not social privileges extended to all? Was there no harmony in the intercourse of men before it was given to the world? Does it teach us to 'do unto others as we would that they should do to us?' Was there no peace and unanimity of thought and action, or respect one man for the privileges of another, or one nation for another before the teachings of Christ?—The history of the past can be referred to, and on every page will be found evidences that man exercised the same consciousness, could discern rules or equity with the same clearness, and had as perfect a conception of Deity and his attributes, and the responsibility and duty of life as the ancient or modern Christian. And when we have these evidences before us can we conscientiously say that 'Christianity has civilized the world?' We find rather a dark age from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, and to what do we look for the cause? The age of chivalry as it is called was a dark age, one that the world will long remember. And while the memory of the past comes up for our contemplation, and we behold the nations of the civilized world rocking to and fro like the strong oak in the autumn blast, we are apt to strive to divine the cause. And what was the cause? Was it not the influence that the Christian Church had among men? We can look upon the march of Alexander and behold his inhuman slaughters of the nations and tribes of antiquity, only with emotions of terror. We can see the

great Napoleon leading the remnant of a once splendid army from the frozen wilds and plains of Russia, and marking his course behold piles of human forms "stiff in the embrace of death" for hundreds of miles, and our blood grows chill at the horrid spectacle presented; and we call down upon their heads the curses of the "ever living God." But we can see Peter the hermit leading his 80,000 troops on his glorious mission, and see their bones wasting on the desert plains of Syria and rejoice at contemplating their heroism, and their enthusiasm in the cause of Christianity. What was Jerusalem to them or they to Jerusalem?—We can behold Hugh, brother of Philip I, king of France leading 200,000 men fired with the same zeal and fanaticism on to the same glorious end, perhaps, civilizing end, and feel that it was for a noble purpose. We can behold the armies of Lewis, Conrad, Philip, Augustus, Richard, and Frederick Barbarossa, mouldering into insignificance beneath the scorching rays of the sun and parching blasts and driving sands of Asiatic plains, and "rejoice in the power of the Lord," and be enthusiastic in the cause of Christ. We can admire the ambition of Baldwin, and condemn that of Cæsar. We can revere the name of Pope Urban II, and use those of Pelagius and Celestius only to mingle with them irreverence and disrespect. I have said we could, I have meant those who are followers of Mr. Frink's opinion. But to the point, men think, perhaps, that the revival of civilization commenced soon after Christ. They seem to carry the idea that from the time the New Testament began to be circulated from that period the world began to wear the aspect of civilization. But if we are to believe the historian we must admit that for fourteen hundred years after Christ the world wore an aspect more gloomy than for five hundred years before. It was not until the year 1453 that the era of civilization commenced in earnest; and it is a fact that since that era religious intolerance has been less severe. Men began to peruse the Aristotelean and Platonic systems of philosophy, and began to be more liberal in their views. They began to cultivate the sciences that had been neglected so long, while the dark mantle of Religious superstition was thrown over the civilization of former eras. But not until Infidel France began to encroach upon the power which the church had seen fit to enjoy, did the world commence to make lofty strides in the direction of improvement. There was Montesquieu, Bayle, Locke, Voltaire, Diderot, and numerous others who taught the importance of right reason in matters of theology, as well as politics and wise legislation. Since their time philosophy has come forth from the mists of the dark ages, and reason has unfolded to the contemplation of men its importance. It has given men new conceptions in philosophy, a purer theology, and a dignity that he never before possessed. The science of the mind or "mental philosophy" psychology, mesmerism and the philosophy connected therewith, though for a long time subject to the jeers and ridicule of the religious world, has at length come forth robed in purity and truth. It is a fact that the Christian dislikes to contemplate that all new theories have at first been condemned by the Church, and its opposition has never ceased while there was a hope that it could annihilate it or prevent its becoming generally adopted.

Who were the persecutors of the copernician system or that of Galileo? Who cried against the theory of Harvey? Who persecuted Gall and Spurzheim? Who has ever been against the spread of the material philosophy which was the cause of that liberality of thought and research which unfolded the germs of the philosophy of the nineteenth century? Who was it but the Christian Church. Ah Mr. Frink reflect! Would you live and enjoy a civilized age, turn from the superstitions that confine your mind in so narrow a channel and commune with truth; live in the sunlight of the present, and prepare yourself for a higher sense of happiness in the future. And above all refrain from instructing your fellow in things absurd, and let the Christian search for himself whether a principle or proposition be truthful or inconsistent, and in all probability the Christian who listened with so much faith (in its literal sense) to your sermon, would see its fallacy, and you, Mr. Frink, would be ashamed that you had occupied so wilfully such a position, and taught so unwisely.—What think you?

C. B. S.

Men are as much stimulated to mental effort by the sympathy of the gentler sex as by the desire of power and fame. Women are more disposed to appreciate worth and intellectual superiority, than men; or, at least they are as often captivated by the noble manifestations of genius as by the fascination of manners and the charms of person.

To WRITING MEDIUMS.—A good writing medium, through whom individual Spirits communicate, may learn of a situation for the daily exercise of their gift by application at the office of "THE SUNBEAM" where full particulars may be obtained.

## Home Matters.

### ARRANGMENTS FOR SPEAKERS AT ST. JAMES HALL.

Mrs. F. O. HYZER, will speak tomorrow morning and evening as usual.

Mr. Wm. DENTON will fill the desk for March 20th, 27th, April 3d, 10th, and 17th.

HANNAH F. M. BROWN is engaged to speak April 24th.

Mrs. F. O. HYZER will speak again on May 1st.

LECTURE ON WEDNESDAY EVENING.—Dr. Lyon of Boston will speak on Spiritualism on Wednesday evening next, the 10th inst. at Lower St. James Hall.

SUBJECT.—Origin and final destiny of Man. Admittance 10 cts.

Dr. Lyon speaks in Auburn on Sunday the 20th inst.

CORRESPONDENT.—The postage on THE SUNBEAM for a quarter, paid in advance is 6 cts. out of the State, and 3 cts. within the State.

We witnessed some astounding demonstrations at Mr. Davenport's on Wednesday evening last, of which we shall give an account next week.

IN A HURRY.—We received a telegraph dispatch the other day from Henry III. Expecting some matter of importance we hastily opened the envelope to read a request for a sample copy of THE SUNBEAM.

That class of "believers" who become interested in Spiritualism because it offers them protection against the punishment of their many iniquities, in demonstrating that there can be neither a hell or a devil; may be considered as offering most undoubted evidence of the necessity of the law of progression.

Mr. H. P. FAIRFIELD writes us that he desires to make engagements at Batavia and other places in the vicinity. Mr. Fairfield makes liberal terms, and has few if any superiors in the field as a practical worker in the good cause of Spiritualism. Address H. P. Fairfield Buffalo.

Dr. Lyon spoke a few minutes at St. James Hall last Sunday evening at the close of Mrs. Hyzer's Discourse, and although after the usual hour for dismissing the meeting, he held the audience in almost breathless silence for near half an hour. The appointment for Wednesday evening is at the earnest solicitation of a number of Spiritualists who heard him on that occasion. If his other appointments will admit he will continue to speak on successive evenings.

PORTENTOUS.—While sitting in a private circle a few evenings since, one of the mediums present, became influenced to see Spirits and proceeded to describe an army with banners, on which were the words "Right will Conquer." The scene then changed and another army of Spirits approached headed by a tall dark complexioned individual with dark hair, dark eyes and a low forehead who said "Buffalo is our field, and we will never give it up." Between these two forces there was apparently a struggle going on, and the first described party moved on gradually and when interrogated answered only, "Right will Conquer."

## Mediums in the Field,

Mrs. Alvira P. Thompson, trance-speaker on Bible subjects. Address West Brookfield, Vt.

Miss E. E. Gibson, impressionist speaking medium, may be addressed at Augusta, Me.

G. M. Jackson, Trance speaker, Prattsburg, Steuben Co., N. Y., will receive calls to lecture.

Mr. and Mrs. Spence will respond to invitations to lecture; addressed to Jamestown, N. Y.

Miss A. W. Sprague's engagements are: Providence, R. I., March 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th.

Dr. E. B. Wheelock of Rome Wisconsin, will receive invitations to lecture on Spiritualism. Address Rome, Wis.

G. B. Stebbins will speak in Ann Arbor, Mich., each Sunday, for three months from Feb. 6th, and will answer calls to lecture in the State each week.

H. F. Miller will answer calls or lectures to be given by Mrs. Miller, trance speaker, in New York, Pennsylvania and the Western States. Address, Dunkirk, N. Y.

A. B. Whiting will attend calls to lecture in the West and Southwest, during the coming three months. He may be addressed at his home, Brooklyn, Michigan.

Mr. F. L. Wadsworth speaks at Syracuse, Feb. 27th; Oswego, March 6th and 13th; Utica, March 20th and 27th. Address subsequently for some months, office of the Spiritual Age, Boston.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture in

Oswego, N. Y., on Sundays, March 26th and 27th. She will also receive calls to lecture on week evenings in the vicinity of the place where she lectures Sunday. Address care of H. E. Barber, Binghamton, N. Y.

Mr. Ira Davenport and Daughter have returned from Canada, and will hold public circles Tuesday and Friday evenings, at his residence, 322 South Division street. Other evenings in the week devoted to private engagements.

Strangers visiting the city and wishing to witness manifestations, are invited to call any evening in the week.

Warren Chase lectures in Newark, Ohio, March 3d, 4th, 5th and 7th; in Dayton, Ohio, March 13th; Richmond, Ga., March 17th; in St. Louis, Mo., March 20th and 27th. Address as above, at the several dates. The friends wishing him to lecture in Western Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, must write early, as he is usually engaged several months in advance.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in March, at Philadelphia; in April, at New York. For the week day evenings of these months she will receive applications to lecture. In May, Providence, R. I.; Worcester, Mass.; Nahua, N. H.; and other places week-day evenings where her services may be needed. In June, at Portland, Me., Oswego, N. Y. Next fall and winter Miss Hardinge designs to labor exclusively in the West and South as far as New Orleans, and requests applications for these districts to be addressed, during the spring and summer, at her residence, 194 Grand street, New York.

N. Frank White will lecture in Geneva, Ohio, Wednesday, March 2d; Cleveland, Sunday, Mar. 6th; Chagrin Falls, Monday and Tuesday, March 7th and 8th; Newburgh, Wednesday and Thursday, March 9th and 10th; Clyde, Friday, March 11th; Toledo, Sunday, March 13th; Burr Oak, Michigan, Tuesday, March 15th; Sturgess, Wednesday, March 16th; Elkhart, Ind., Thursday and Friday, March 17th and 18th. All letters from north, west, or south of Chicago, addressed to him at Chicago, care of Higgins Brothers, before the 20th of March, will be considered.

### PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

SOMETHING FOR SPIRITUALISTS TO WORK FOR.

To encourage the spread of Spiritual Works and increase the circulation of THE SUNBEAM as fast as possible, we are induced to offer the following Premiums in Spiritual Books for Clubs of Subscribers to THE SUNBEAM:

Any person making up a Club of 12 Subscribers, remitting us \$3, in payment for the first three months, as specified in our Prospectus, will receive from us any Spiritual Book published in our list in the SUNBEAM valued at \$1.00.

For a Club of 24 Subscribers, enclosing \$6, he will be entitled to any \$2 Book.

For a Club of 48 Subscribers, enclosing \$12, he will be entitled to \$4 worth of Books.

For a Club of 100 Subscribers, enclosing \$25, we will send Books to the value of \$10, as given in the list of Publications in THE SUNBEAM.

Where the subscription is only 25 cents for each subscriber to commence with, it is no difficult task to get a large Club in almost every town. Many take THE SUNBEAM not for its Spiritualism, but because it is liberal and progressive in all things.

Each Club must be mailed to a single address.

The party getting up the Club should keep a list of the subscribers from which the papers may be distributed at the P. O., as we cannot write the name on each one. The names, however, should be furnished to us.

Address CHAUNCEY D. GRISWOLD, Editor and Publisher of THE SUNBEAM, No. 3, Niagara st., Buffalo, N. Y.

### DR. GRISWOLD'S

### NEW REMEDIES,

For Sale at the Office of the Sunbeam, No. 3 Niagara Street, Buffalo.

NEW REMEDY FOR FEVER AND AGUE and all fevers arising from malarial. Dr. Griswold's experience in treating this disease while Surgeon to the Hospital of the Panama Railroad Company, enabled him to prepare a Remedy adapted to all forms of this disease. Persons whose constitutions have been impaired by exposure to any form of fever, can be perfectly restored by its use. It is the most speedy, certain and permanent cure known; and adapted to all climates. It is composed of a box of pills, and a bottle of tonic. Price two dollars.

TRIPLE PILLS.—These are a valuable cathartic and made of the purest materials, one of the ingredients being pure virgin scammony, which has a specific action on the liver, without any of the injurious consequences of mercurial preparations. They fulfil all the indications of such a remedy, and are safe and reliable. Price 25 cents per box.

FLUID EXTRACT OF SENNA.—The most reliable and agreeable cathartic in use. As a substitute for "bilious pills" and other nauseous doses, no one will doubt its value who tries it. Price 50 cents.

ALKALINE TONIC.—Especially adapted to dyspeptics, and those suffering from acidity of the stomach and indigestion. Price 50 cents.

INVIGORATING TONIC.—To increase the appetite and give strength and tone to the system. A good tonic in all cases of debility.—Price 50 cents.

CONCENTRATED TINCTURE OF AROMATICA.—For sprains and bruises; a valuable preparation that should always be at hand in case of accidents, for immediate use. Price 50 cents.

DIARRHOE REMEDY.—This preparation I have used in my practice for eight years and with invariable success. Price 50 cents.

COUGH MIXTURE.—Suited to almost every variety of bronchial irritation, and will relieve in all cases where it will not cure. Price 50 cents.

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HOOPING COUGH SYRUP.—A very pleasant and effectual Remedy, calculated to control the cough and bring the disease to a safe termination. Price 50 cents.

Each bottle is accompanied with full directions.

TO BE OBTAINED AT WHOLESALE OF LAZELL MARSH & HUNN, No. 10 Gold street, N. Y.

SPIRITUAL TRACTS BY JUDGE EDMONDS.—We have received from Judge Edmonds copies of his series of eight Tracts upon the following subjects:—

- No. 1. An Appeal to the public on Spiritualism.
- No. 2. Reply to Bishop Hopkins on Spiritualism.
- No. 3. The News Boy.
- No. 4. Uncertainty of Spiritual Intercourse.
- No. 5. Certainty of Spiritual Intercourse.
- No. 6. Speaking in many Tongues.
- No. 7. Intercourse with Spirits of the Living.
- No. 8. False Prophecy.

For sale at THE SUNBEAM office. The series sent by mail, postage paid, for 30 cts.

### NEW BOOKS

RECEIVED AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Twelve Messages from the Spirit of John Quincy Adams. Price \$1.50.

The Pentecost. By A. J. Davis, Price \$1.00.

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The Magic Staff. By A. J. Davis. Price \$1.25.

The Boquet of Spiritual Flowers. Price \$1.00.

Natty a Spirit. Price 50 cts.

The Philosophy of Evil, By A. J. Davis. Price 50 cts.

The Harmonical Man, By A. J. Davis.—Price 50 cts.

Discourses By Cora L. V. Hatch With Portrait. Price 1.00.

### McOMBER'S HAIR RESTORATIVE AND INVIGORATOR.

Those in want of a Hair Restorative or dressing for the toilet, should buy none but McOmber's, as this cannot in any possible contingency injure the hair or scalp. On the contrary it is warranted to grow new hair on bald heads, and stop its falling out—to eradicate dandruff and all diseases of the scalp. It will also prevent the hair from prematurely turning gray and impart a natural vigor and beauty to it that no other preparation can do. For general toilet use, it has no equal, and being entirely free from all minerals in its composition, may be safely used without stint, at all times.

Dr. W. H. Mussy of the Cincinnati Academy of Medicine in a recent communication, shows that 'lead used externally is sometimes absorbed into the system—that a man who had used Twigg's and other hair dyes, (the basis of which he said was sugar of lead and nitrate of silver) for several years, had thereby got the 'blue line' on the gums and the 'blue face,' which results from lead and nitrate of silver."

McOmber's Restorative has none of this objectionable matter in its composition—every article being vegetable, and perfectly harmless when applied externally or internally. It is the best hair preparation in this or any other market.

When evidence of this kind is within the reach of every one, why will any doubt? Get a circular and read the certificates of well known citizens, then buy a bottle for fifty cents, or a dollar bottle. It never has failed.

Each bottle has the following words impressed on its sides:—McOmber's Hair Restorative and Invigorator, Buffalo, N. Y.

Sold wholesale and retail by

W. V. MAYNARD,

204 Washington street, Buffalo, N. Y.

To whom letters may be addressed and orders sent.

For sale at this office.

### PROSPECTUS OF THE SIBYL.

Early in January, 1854, the subscribers will commence the publication of a first class family paper, with the above title. The SIBYL will be devoted to human progression, to the protection and development of all that is beautiful and true in sentiment—to the exposure of all that is false and erroneous; its rich and attractive miscellany giving it a distinctive character that can hardly fail to adapt itself to the highest wants of humanity.

The philosophy of Spiritualism will be advocated and explained by the ablest minds of the age, in its columns.

We have secured the services of some of the most brilliant reformatory writers who will constantly contribute to our columns, and we are confident, from our knowledge of the wants of the human family, that the SIBYL cannot fail to make its readers wiser, better and happier.—The SIBYL will contain from 20 to 24 columns of original matter each week from the pens of gifted American Authors, and at our price, will be the cheapest newspaper in the world.

Terms, \$1.50 per annum, in advance, or \$2.00 at the end of the year. Address

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### DR. J. SWAIN, Magnetic Physician

Assisted by Mrs. SWAIN who prescribes through spirit influence, having been successful in their treatment of the sick, and restoring to that greatest blessing, health, great numbers who had almost lost hope, beg to state that they have taken a large and commodious House, beautifully situated, and adapted for invalids who need care and attention, that they will receive into their house patients. Dr. SWAIN will also visit at their houses, persons needing Magnetic Treatment.

N. B.—Transient visitors to Buffalo, belonging to the Harmonical School, will find a Harmonical House,

245 South Division Street. Address, Postoffice, Buffalo. CHARGES REASONABLE.



## Poetry.

### ALONE.

(Impromptu.)

Nay, there is music in the air,  
That gently fans my burning brow;  
I catch its breathings everywhere,  
In low and pensive cadence now.  
Amid the woodland I can hear  
The tripping of some fairy feet  
Upon the leaflets there,  
That speak of summer's shy retreat;  
While overhead, in glowing lines,  
Are pictures of a varied hue,  
And summer's glowing beauty pines  
The meadow and the forest there!

Yet nature hath a thousand tongues  
To break the silence of the hour;  
That sometimes o'er the weary heart  
Seems throwing an enchanting power,  
And captivates the social life  
That stirs within the human soul,  
And peters from its treasure hours  
Bright gems of hope, whose rays console  
The murmurings of our discontent,  
And cheer our fancied banishment.

Alone?—'tis freezing to the life of joy,  
Dries up the avenues of bliss,  
When o'er the spirit creeps the thought—  
"Alone in such a world as this,"  
Open thine eyes unstop thy ears,  
Nor woo the solitude you hate;  
Commune with nature's friendly voice,  
Nor let thy heart grow desolate.

Alone?—the midnight hath no power  
To bar the avenues of light,  
Thro' which bright visitants descend,  
To cheer the melancholy night.  
If in thy soul are slumbering thoughts  
Of God and Heaven, and human weal,  
The guests that seek thy company  
Will burst thro' massive bars of steel.

If thou art praying for the right,  
And toiling upward day by day,  
If thou art seeking purer light  
To dawn upon thy darksome way,  
If human weal incite thy heart  
To deeds of high and lofty tone—  
No matter where thy footsteps tend,  
Thou canst not ever be alone.

Hallowed communion, deep and high—  
Pure Spirits mingle in the throng,  
And whisper sweet and gentle tones—  
As noiselessly they glide along;  
All thro' the earth a thousand hearts  
Are beating in responsive strain,  
And Heaven and Seraph voices shout  
A loud and sanctified "Amen."

### THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

[The following article which we take from the "N. Y. Independent" contains many good truths, but the Spiritualist will not fail to see how difficult it is for the orthodox writer to account for man's moral condition without the instrumentality of a devil, and how exceedingly uncertain is the regeneration through the "Holy Spirit" even among those professing most. All that is tangible and true is distinctly in harmony with our spiritual philosophy.—ED. SUNBEAM.]

Contrary powers contend and wrestle in human experience,—and they are everywhere recognized as contending, in the epistles of Paul, and in the words of the Master,—for the mastery and control of the Human Soul. The animal nature, with its appetites and lusts, as ever re-enforced by a subtle, malignant, widely operating energy, working behind and manifesting through it, is one of these powers: itself, in fact, a two-fold power, yet with each active element in it so essentially harmonious and coincident with the other, that they may properly be regarded as one, and be represented by the one comprehensive and scriptural term "The Flesh;" or, as sometimes, the Flesh and the Devil. The higher Reason, the Conscience, on the other hand, the realm of spiritual aspiration, intuition, and affirmation of Truth—this, as enlightened, rectified, pervaded by the Spirit of God, is the power that works in opposition to the flesh, and that tends to opposite developments and effects.—Where the Spirit of man has become thus irradiated and vitally renewed by the quickening contact of the Spirit of God, the flesh has lost its early supremacy. It has begun to be subjugated; and the promise is given of the more and more perfect victory of the Spirit till the man is made ready for immortal delights.

So goes on mightily age after age, the struggle of the Spirit against the flesh, and of the earthliness and pride of man's nature, as re-inspired by diabolic influence against the heavenly and purifying power. It is a silent, noiseless conflict; unseen itself, though seen in thousand issues and influences; drawing no blood through its direct strokes, though sometimes involving widest conflicts in its historic and public relations. The whole world is the battle-ground. The souls of men are the kingdoms that are fought for. And ever the flesh warreth fiercely against the spirit, and the spirit in turn against the flesh; and these are contrary, one to another.

And now the Scriptures show us plainly the practical results, in the character and conduct, by which the operation of the Spirit may

be recognized, and may be distinguished from that of the flesh. There is evident and abundant necessity for this; in the fact that men are always and by nature inclined to think of themselves more highly than they should, and so may easily, unless thus instructed, attribute to the motions of God's Spirit within them what simply results from their own pride and worldliness; and in the additional, and as palpable fact, that lying pretenders to a grace they have not,—violent, selfish, and arrogant impostors, claiming to be what the facts do not show them, asserting themselves to be the children of God when they are in truth the children of the devil—are more surely detected, and more easily demonstrated, through these exact tests which the Scriptures afford.

There are always those who thus, through a vehemence of nature that deceives themselves, or else through the sudden and inflaming effect of some general excitement on the subject of religion, suppose themselves to "have the Spirit," and to be practically led by him, when in fact their characters have never been touched by his celestial and purifying power. And there are always those, of course—it is the most successful form of imposture—who seek to make an impression on the world of eminent height and brightness of saintliness. None others are quite so pure as they. None others have quite the same rare quality of spirit. Others may now and then have done virtuously; but they, habitually, excel them all.—And on this claim of superior saintliness, and a rarer spirituality, of a character that surpasses and contrasts with other men's, they found the claim for such respect, deference, and submission, as are not granted to others their equals. Their judgement must be yielded to; their wishes consulted; their interests advanced; their very passions be regarded as clothed with a certain special and providential authority; their denunciations be respected as having the truly "prophetic" force in them, without admixture of human irritation or an unjust anger. They, in a word, are the friends of God, of Truth, and of Righteousness; without whom the Gospel would have no chance in a world like this, and whose dictum becomes, through the efficacy of their character, a final authority.—Inquisitions, priesthoods, papacies themselves, have sprang out of this root, and may do so again; and the fearfullest excesses, of cruelty, ever enacted in the name of Christianity, have come from just this poisoned source. That horrid, carnal, beastly "perfectionism," which has raged at some times, under that name or others, in different parts of the Christian world, and of which there have been sad specimens in this land and in this city within twenty years past—has had its source in precisely this idea: of a personal spiritual virus or force infused into the soul of one whose character showed no change, and making him supreme above trial and sin.—Some have no doubt ignorantly received this; but many others have as undoubtedly simply assumed it, and made it a cloak for the vilest lusts.

It is not therefore without reason or need that the Scriptures give us the plain enumeration, in repeating instances, of the results of the real and practical working of the Spirit of God on the higher nature and spirit of man, that Paul especially, in the twenty-second and twenty-third verses of the 5th of Galatians, states them with such particularity and carefulness. Let those who think they have the Spirit of God,—and who carry their self-confidence in this matter so far, perhaps, as to doubt if others who profess the same faith and follow the same Master have felt this influence—let them carefully read and ponder this catalogue, and measure, by a truthful comparison with it, their own habitual utterances, acts, and states of temper. If they cannot stand this primary test, there is in them probably no light of the Spirit, but only a natural passion and pride, inflamed to white heat, and so simulating sanctity, while utterly, radically diverse from it. Censoriousness and passion, as well as lust, are born of the devil. A rancorous and harsh temper, is the temper of the world, and not of God! To defame and denounce, to criticize and condemn, to fling out vehement accusation and scorn, it takes only human passion to do this, and a loose pen or tongue.

"But the fruit of the Spirit is LOVE, JOY, PEACE, LONG SUFFERING, GENTLENESS, GOODNESS, FAITH, MEKKNESS, TEMPERANCE; against such there is no law!"

THE QUEEN OF OUDS UPON CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY.—The Queen of Ouds, taking offence at the recent Indian proclamation of the Queen of England, has issued a counter-proclamation, in which, among other subjects, the dusky lady refers to the generally accepted Christian theology, and finds the same stumbling block over which the Unitarians trip—the doctrine of the Trinity. "She observes, in this connection, that 'that religion is the true one that recognizes but a single God, and can acknowledge none other. But when there are three Gods in one religion, neither the Mahomedans, the Hindoes, the Jews, the Sun-worshippers, nor even the Fire-worshippers, can believe it to be true.'—[Practical Christian.

## Gleanings

The editor of the London Times receives the same salary as the President of the United States. J. W. Farmer, the philanthropist, has opened a free dining saloon in N. Y.

There are two hundred and fifty-four thousand apple seeds in a bushel.

There are over fourteen thousand seeds in an ounce of tobacco.

There are seventy thousand kernels of corn in a bushel.

As perfume is to the rose, so is good-nature to the lovely.

A tunnel, through the earth, from New England to New Zealand, would be 8000 miles long.

There never was a more beautiful reply than that of a good man in affliction, who was asked how he bore his sorrows so well: "It lightens the stroke to draw near to Him who handles the rod."

Gideon B. Smith of Baltimore, who is to locate what Meriam is to the weather, writes to The National Intelligencer that there will be invasions of the insects during the Spring just opening, in seven distinct districts, mostly in the Southern States.

On the occasion of the twelfth anniversary of the wedding of Jos. E. Russell of Springfield, Conn., Country Register of Deeds, a party of thirty friends surprised him and his wife with a visit and a present of a complete tea service of tin, of unique pattern and substantial finish.

M. Groux, the Frenchman born without a backbone, who was exhibited to the medical faculty in New-York, some time since, is in Charleston. He has with him a delicate instrument, invented by a Boston electrician, for measuring the time occupied in transmitting the pulsations of the heart to the different arteries.

Time is a good and faithful friend, but a most revengeful and remorseless enemy. Like a deep-feeling and love-desiring human heart, it treasures up a grateful memory of kindness and good service; and is sure, sooner or later, to make payment with the addition of compound interest. But for every instance of neglect or abuse it takes certain and terrible vengeance; and none who incur its anger can escape its punishment; for, like death, time is inexorable.

Several new papers have made their appearance. The News from Home is a weekly, in quarto form, just started in New-York by Thomas Towns to give old countrymen an epitome of news from England, Scotland and Ireland. The Sea is a nautical and miscellaneous journal; published simultaneously in Boston, New-York Philadelphia and Buffalo, by the Rev. C. W. Danson. The Red, White and Blue is the odd title of a new story paper started at Philadelphia.

The Sabbath Committee in New York have just issued a startling document concerning the Sunday liquor traffic. It appears that there are seven thousand and seven hundred and seventy-nine places where liquors are sold, and more than five thousand of the number continue their business on Sunday. The larger establishments in the Bowery have bands of music, and most of them have theatrical performances, singing and dancing Sunday afternoon and evening. Of the whole number only seventy-two are regularly licensed.

Henry Ward Beecher cannot well be considered an idle man. Besides preaching every Sunday two sermons embodying more thought than usually goes to a dozen, delivering an evening lecture and attending two or three meetings at his church every week, officiating at weddings and funerals whenever called upon, and lecturing all over the country, he writes every week for the Independent and for Bonner's Ledger.—His articles in the latter, under the general title, "Thoughts as they occur, by one who keeps his eyes and ears open," are full of practical common sense and sound morality.

An English paper says: "During the season of 1848-9, 130,000 bushels of oysters were sold in London alone. A million and a half are consumed in Edinburgh each season, being at the rate of more than 7,300 a day, and more than sixty millions are taken annually from the French channel banks alone."

Each batch ofysters intended for the French Capital is subjected to a preliminary exercise in keeping the shell closed at other hours than when the tide is out, until at length they learn by experience that it is necessary to do so whenever they are uncovered by sea-water.—Thus they are enabled to enter the metropolis of France as polished oysters ought to do, not gaping like astounding rascals.

The German Press records every incident connected with the declining years of the venerable Humboldt. A Berlin paper gives the following anecdote: "The celebrated savant possessed a black parrot, presented to him years ago by the grandfather of the Princess of Prussia, Karl August of Saxi Weimar. Baron Humboldt was very fond of the bird, and returning home the other day from a dinner party, he was disagreeably surprised by finding the parrot sitting drooping on his perch. 'Well, Jacob,' he said, approaching the cage, 'which of us two is likely to die first? Pray, your Excellency,' remarked the old valet, do not speak to the bird of such serious matters.' Humboldt turned away silently, taking up a book. Half an hour afterwards the bird suddenly turns round, looks at its master, and—drops down dead. At this moment poor black Poll is being stuffed at the University Museum for his afflicted survivor.

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